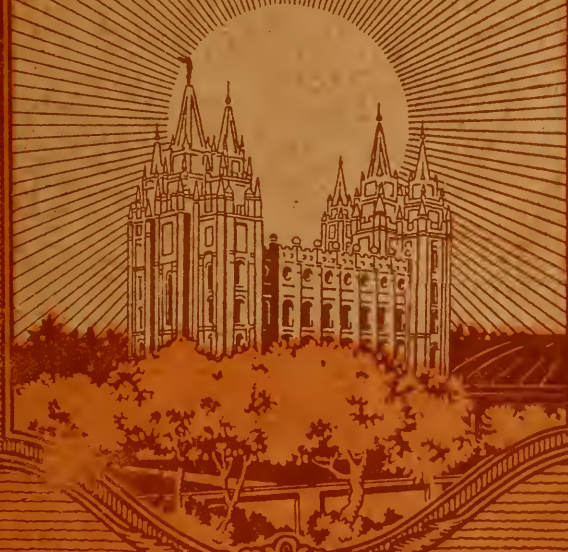


J H EVENSON
127 BERYL AVE
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Improvement Era

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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE
SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER
DAY SAINTS



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The Prodigal Father

The Prodigal father came home tonight,
To his mansion fine and tall,
And the hearth is swept with its wonted care,
And scarce a dust-moat stirs the air,
As he treads his spacious hall.

The prodigal father came home tonight,
For he has been long away,
Away from the land of a child's domain,
Too occupied with sordid gain,
For confidence or play.

The prodigal father came home tonight,
From his busy turmoil done,
With wealth secure and girt with power,
What matter he comes at the twilight hour,
For where is the prodigal's son?

The light streams forth from the mullioned pane,
And the curtains' filmy grace
Wafts scent of orchid up the stair,
But the romping step is no longer there,
And where is the laughing face?

The prodigal father's son is gone
From the mansion tall and grand,
What wealth bequeathed can compensate
For a sympathy that comes too late,
And the cling of a father's hand?

The prodigal father came home tonight,
And the fatted calf is done,
And the guests make merry everywhere,
But the father droops in his velvet chair,
For where is the prodigal's son?

What matters the ring and the silken robe,
And the fatted, feasted throng?
The human drift of the big outside
Can clothe and feed and open wide,
And the prodigal's son is gone.

Bertha A. Kleinman.



POSING FOR A PICTURE ON THE ROAD

A company of Fathers and Sons on an outing, near Ashley Canyon, Utah

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXV

MAY, 1922

No. 7

Meaning and Purpose of the Temporal Life

By N. L. Nelson, Professor of Theology, Brigham Young College

[Just *what* does earth-life signify? In other words, how much does it *weigh*, in the scheme of eternal progress? Latter-day Saints instinctively *feel* that the second estate is of tremendous significance, and often refer to it as an opportunity to "taste the bitter in order to appreciate the sweet," or to "have our eyes opened to good and evil;" but outside of certain gospel ordinances, which can be received only in the temporal world, what, in specific ideas, does this middleplane of being stand for in soul development? In this article, which is a chapter from an unpublished book, Professor Nelson attempts to set down, in definite terms, some of the aspects of soul-growth which are possible only in the mortal here and now.—*Editors.*]

We have tried to understand the revelation that to the Lord all things—whether laws and commands or that which results from laws and commands, *viz.*, objective creations,—are spiritual: "Firstly spiritual, secondly temporal, which is the beginning of my work; and again, firstly temporal, and secondly spiritual, which is the last of my work." As pointed out there, this "unfinished kingdom," which we call our world, is just now at the bottom of the valley called temporal, with a spiritual peak standing out on each side; the one behind us representing the eternity whence we came; the one in front, the eternity toward which we are bound.

In the meanwhile here we are "dug in," as it were, in the very quagmires of time. Howsoever this mortal world may look from the Lord's point of view, to us it is temporal, natural, carnal, in a word, intensely real. We have seen what this fact means as applied to objective creations; *viz.*, that it is a world bound and conditioned temporally by *Mass*, *Extension*, and *Inertia*, the phenomena that spell mortality; but also, that within the natural world is a spiritual reality, which "abides the

law of a celestial kingdom," and which therefore will emerge finally into a celestial glory; since "that which is governed by law is also preserved by law, and perfected and sanctified by the same."

What, in the next place, does this temporal existence signify for man? The same as for the earth—with a difference. Our bodies exhibit the same qualities which are characteristic of all matter; *viz.*, Mass, Extension, and Inertia; but not all of our spirits can be said to be "abiding the law of a celestial kingdom," and therein lies the difference. In the case of the earth, the will behind the obedience is probably that of the Lord; in the case of man, each of us has his own free will, and may abide a celestial law, or a terrestrial, or a telestial, or no law at all; and as is the law obeyed, so will be the outcome in glory.

"Your glory shall be that glory *by which your bodies are quickened*. Ye who are quickened by a portion of the celestial glory shall then (*i. e.*—in the resurrection) receive of the same, even a fulness." The same is said respectively of the terrestrial and the telestial quickening. (See Doc. and Cov. 88:27-32.)

Just what, then, does this quickening of the body mean, translated into terms of everyday living?

Let us first try to sense in a general way the tremendous fact of our having been made temporal (or mortal). When we compare the freedom of movement in pre-existence,—as suggested in our Savior's revelation to Nephi, that on the morrow he was to be born in Bethlehem some twelve thousand miles eastward—with what happens to our spirits the moment we are born, that is to say, the moment we become subject to temporal conditions, we should realize without the need of scriptural assurance, the fact that Adam fell, that we are all fallen. No fact could possibly be more emphatic than this. Let us next proceed to examine this "fall" in terms of the essential attributes of matter. Summed up we shall find that it means a kind of imprisonment; and that salvation means fighting our way outward and upward to freedom.

The first condition of this imprisonment is due to *Mass* or *Weight*; in other words, to the fact that our spirits become subject to the law of gravitation, through being tied down to a body of mortal matter. At first the bondage is all but complete: as infants our limbs are as lead. Little by little the dynamic spiritual being within gets control—fights its way out: we creep, we walk, we run, we climb, we change these leaden limbs to bundles of nerves, the livest stuff in mortal creation. Associated with every victory over the inertia of mass or weight, are scintillations of the radiant energy within, and these scintillations,

which are measured and stored-up in terms of mind, are felt as joy.

Has it occurred to the reader that, incidental to the eon-long fight of the race against this law of gravitation, we tamed the horse to bear us more swiftly, we invented the lubricated axle to lift a load off our shoulders, we harnessed the winds and made use of the waves, we confined steam and made it lift and carry for us, we interposed our burden under the waterfall, we waylaid the lightning—nay, we have surprised a thousands secrets of power in Nature's storehouse to help us move faster and farther, to aid us in transporting ever-increasing weights, and to enable us to build ever higher and dig ever deeper—and all in spite of, or rather because of, the constant downward pull of the earth? From the first toddling step of the infant to the flight of the aeroplane, from the first rude javelin hurled by the savage, to the latest 42-millimeter gun throwing a projectile accurately seventy-five miles, what triumphs of the spirit within against the handicap of gravitation without!

Take next that second of the attributes of matter, Extension or Form. In order that we may attain it, and maintain it, what struggles we must make for food, clothing, shelter! What keenness of brain, what expertness of hand we have attained! To realize this tremendous fact, it is best to look at the external record, that is to say, at our inventions. Compare the first crooked stick used to scratch the soil, with the latest engine plow; the first rude sickle, with the combined harvester and thresher; the hollow stone for grinding corn, with the flour mill of today. In cooking, heating, ventilating, sanitation, in manufacturing, in home adornment, in art—what strides the spirit within has compelled in its tenement of clay—all through the insistent demands of the second attribute of matter, the necessity of Extension, that is to say, of keeping our bodies from dissolution.

Indeed, out of the necessity of rising superior to the conditions imposed by mass and extension, out of the need of stretching the tethering chain of gravitation, and overcoming the handicaps attending objective personal existence in the world, have grown most of those material achievements of man which are summed up in the word civilization. We are apt to think of the results of this ceaseless warfare of the spirit against its temporal imprisonment in terms of external monuments; as cities, railroads, canals, ships, and so on; but if these were the true measure of man's victory, the race might well be discouraged; for the temporal forces against which we struggle always win in the end, and lay low the proudest achieve-

ments of man. Where today are Babylon and Nineveh? How does the dust of these cities differ from the dust of the once teeming millions that swarmed like ants in the valley of the Euphrates? And what of ancient America? Did the rank forests, found by Columbus and his successors, whisper concerning a thousand buried cities beneath their entwining roots?

The true measure of the struggle between spirit and element is, however, recorded within and not without. For instance, for a time we may point to the Salt Lake Temple with pride, as if that were among the great things achieved by the Pioneers. It is something, truly enough, but the real monument lies within the souls of the builders, most of whom have now passed on. There in terms of intelligence, of increased knowledge, wisdom, faith, will-power, love, was builded the real Temple which is to endure forever. And so of every victory of man in his battle with the earth; the external record, viewed from God's long day, is written, as it were, in water; the internal record, on the imperishable book of life.

This internal record is, moreover, a juster record than the external; for achievement there is measured in terms of soul-growth toward the likeness of our Father in heaven. Viewed externally the works of men are likely to be appraised according to the display they make for a brief season on the earth plane; whereas, the obscure pioneer battling with primitive conditions for a bare subsistence, may easily have acquired a greater soul-monument than he whose name is linked with the building of a continental railroad.

This thought will enable us to see that our twentieth century civilization, wherein the problems connected with earth-life have largely been solved, and where friction has been reduced to the pressing of buttons, is not necessarily the best age in which to be born: unless we can still find problems which shall call out the same powers to do, to dare, and to suffer that the unconquered wilds developed in our ancestors. It may also give us a hint why God occasionally suffers the slate to be wiped clean—why the achievements of past ages are permitted to be buried in the same grave with those who achieved them.

Do we need a revelation then to tell us why our Father in heaven made us mortal and placed us in a temporal world? If intelligence—which may be defined as knowledge transmitted into habits of righteousness,—is to be the measure of salvation and exaltation, then the conditions leading to intelligence, are necessary to salvation. Is it thinkable that intelligence can come to us without a struggle? And where else in all God's economy can be conceived such a series of struggle problems—problems first to be understood, then to be worked out in terms

of living,—as upon this temporal plane of being? Problems graduated alike to the weakest as to the strongest of God's children?

Think what it must have meant to the progress of the world, had our limbs not been shackled by gravitation—had our spirits been as free to come and go, as during pre-existence. Would there have been invented a single machine for use on land or sea? Nay, would iron or any other metal have been discovered? And without the metals where would the world of man's achievements be? The greater loss, however, would be the internal loss, the absence of those victories of mind over matter, which constitute the very essence of intelligence.

So also of those necessities which make our bodies dependent upon food, drink, clothing, shelter, and protection against countless enemies, visible and invisible. Think what would have been lost in soul-victories over matter, had our world been free of dangers to birth and growth, or to health and life, limited though the latter be in point of duration? Without the menace of sickness and death to ourselves and the lower forms of life, what should we have known of human, animal, or plant physiology? Indeed, had life been secure, where would have come the incentive to develop a single one of the sciences? And yet we have among us a certain sect trying to shut their eyes to that universal appeal to progress, which we call sickness, sorrow, evil, death. Without the challenge of opposition, as something to be studied with a view to being overcome, where would be the incentive to knowledge or invention? Whence would come the moral appeal to a change in our life-habits?

That part of the plan of salvation which involves the passing of our spirits through a second estate stands therefore justified, even without the added authority of scripture; and the more narrowly we look into its bearings, the more overwhelming becomes the proof of this fact.

Nevertheless, much light is shed by revelation on the nature of the gain to the spirit by becoming subject to mortality.

Consider, for instance, this passage already quoted in a previous chapter: "For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receiveth a fulness of joy; and when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy." (Doc. and Cov. 93:33-34.) Fulness of joy in this passage can mean nothing else than a fulness of exaltation, for anything short of this must abridge the man's joy by just so much. Fulness of exaltation is the attainment of Godhood, or in the language of scripture "becoming perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect." Such a glory is not possible, then, save

as there is a junction between man the spirit and man the body; for "the spirit and the body constitutes the soul of man." (Doc. and Cov. 88:15.) It must moreover be an indissoluble union as was that of the soul of Christ after his resurrection, "And the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul." (Doc. and Cov. 88:16.)

Such a union begins when the spirit leaves pre-existence, its first estate, and is born into the flesh. This union at first is apparently comparable to that of radiant tenant and house of clay. During early infancy the spirit, in spite of all its latent power, is helplessly subject to the clay. Pretty soon, however, it ceases to be a complete prisoner, and begins to integrate or saturate its human walls with its own divine radiancy. In terms of psychology, it begins to get control of its body with headquarters in the brain. That is precisely what education means—cementing the union of spirit and element by subordinating element and making it plastic to spirit. Life is not long enough to complete this process but eternity will be, hence the resurrection.

If now a "fulness of joy" be the psychic effect of this union, considered as a final, inseparable junction, we should expect joy to attend any step along the way leading toward that divine consummation, and this proves actually to be the case. At every victory of spirit over body we experience joy;—not pleasure, which is the reaction of the body gratifying its earthly passions,—but joy, the reaction of the spirit subordinating the body by overmastering its tendency to indulgence, and turning the impulse in the direction of virtue and spiritual strength.

And right here is the place to point out another source of soul-growth on the one hand, or of soul-degeneration, on the other, which is perhaps greater than the combined efforts of Mass or Gravitation in sharpening the intellect and the will and of Extension in humanizing the personality, and that is the sex-relation peculiar to mortality. Man is trusted by the Creator with the fountain of life, and out of the use he makes of it, he creates for himself heaven or hell on earth. This aspect of the second estate, interwoven as it is in the entire moral and social fabric of mankind, cannot be adequately treated in this chapter; suffice it to point out, that here man has another illustration of how far-reaching is the influence of earth-life upon eternal progress.

Let us next consider that wonderful glimpse of eternal truth set forth in the Book of Mormon: "Man is that he may have joy." Here the Lord proclaims the fact that man is made subject to a temporal world, not that he may gratify his body,

but that he may build for himself a soul; that is, make progressively out of two distinct things, the spirit and the body, one homogeneous, indissoluble being, without which there cannot be a fulness of joy; for joy means just that,—the exhilaration that comes whenever the dead clay of the body is energized and lifted to the dynamic rank of the radiant spirit within it.

Here is a comparison that may help us to sense how this change is being wrought. Charcoal and diamond,—the one an extreme of opaqueness, the other an extreme of transparency,—are each made of the same element—pure carbon. In charcoal the atoms are criss-cross and in confusion; in the diamonds they are organized, each fitted into each to make a perfect crystal.

Suppose now that into the charcoal should come a divine spirit whose mission was to organize, little by little, through the ages, its criss-cross atoms. At every adjustment there would be joy to the spirit because the charcoal would be a little less opaque. Gradually it would become translucent, and so in time pass on to perfect transparency.

If we let the charcoal represent man's body, then the diamond might represent his perfected soul; that is to say, the perfect, indissoluble union of his spirit and his body. The agent progressively making the change is man's spirit; the influence guiding the reactions of this spirit is the Holy Ghost, or the living God. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth it understanding."

We are now ready to consider, in its relation to the progress of the human soul, the third attribute of matter. *Inertia* is that quality in any substance which tends to resist change. The thing at rest resists an impulse to motion, the thing in motion resists an impulse tending to rest. Inertia in the human body may be defined as that quality which resists progress; ignorance, stupidity, laziness, lack of ambition, being satisfied with good enough,—the sin of omission,—are some of the names for this temporal attribute at rest; while self-indulgence, vice, drunkenness, debauchery, the sin of commission, are some names for the inertia of motion.

Progress is possible only by constant change of inertia, and change in an upward direction. This is really what happens in all things that live and fulfil the law of their being; they grow, they change, they enlarge, there is no settling down to inertness, nor to an unraveling from a better to a worse state. Devils, or the sons of perdition, are being possessed by the inertia of disintegration, and are unable to change; workers in the kingdom of God possess the inertia of eternal progress, which is carrying them ever-onward and upward; unregenerated human beings are between these extremes; most of them are

locked in the inertia of a hand-to-mouth existence, which so far as eternal progress is concerned, does not differ from the inertia of the boulder on the hillside. We call them mossbacks, fossils, stand-pats. Many are on the downward road and we call them degenerates; others move now upward, now downward, according as they gratify spirit or body. It is in this middle region where all the work of salvation is to be done.

Now inertia is overcome and changed in two ways, from without and from within; from without in all things dead or inanimate; from within, in things living, growing, evolving. The boulder on the hillside is a type of the first—no change will ever come to it save it be from outside itself; the oak slowly shaping itself from the acorn is a type of the second. Forces that pass by unappropriated by the rock, are taken into the heart of the oak, and there redistributed to overcome the inertia of bud, and twig, and trunk, and root; for the oak is a living being.

How fares it with man—whence comes the power that changes his inertia?

If he evolves as God would have him evolve, his inertia must ever be changed from within. As regards his purely physical evolution, the growth and development of his body, it must, of course, occur in just that way; and we may well doubt whether real growth in any other direction—intellectual, moral, social, or spiritual—ever comes to him in any other way than by this unfolding from within. However, when we come to observe the apparent springs of action and change in the mass of mankind, they resemble very much the forces that must be applied to the inert boulder. All mob impulses, all external coercion, all blind following as of sheep a bell-wether, all appeals to cupidity, to fear, to hate, in short all motives originating in the external, and acted upon in the raw—that is to say, without inward assimilation and deliberate redistribution—while they seem to change man's inertia into new alignments, new mental attitudes, do not really cause growth; for when the outward pressure ceases, he is in the same state as before.

Brother Maeser's famous illustration is to the point here: "I take a stone from the street and put it into the stove—it gets warm. I take it back into the street—it gets cold again." Such is the end of all efforts to change the inertia of the carnal man Adam by external pressure.

But take that other illustration spoken of in the Book of Mormon, the sixteen stones melted out of the mountain by the brother of Jared. As soon as the finger of the Lord touched them, their centers became self-radiant and they have perhaps not ceased to glow till this day. Such is the effect of conversion,

the effect of the spiritual man Christ in changing the unregenerated body, by first planting the divine fire in our heart of hearts.

Consider then the problem before the Council in heaven on that eventful morn of creation. A union of spirit with element was necessary to a fulness of salvation; to attain such a union, the spiritual creation must be changed to a temporal, and man must likewise suffer a "fall." By this change each eternal spirit becomes imprisoned in a tenement of clay, which it becomes his mission to raise from this lowly rank to that of a body immortal, glorious, self-radiant. Will he succeed in spiritualizing his prison-house, in making of his dual self an integrated, homogeneous, indissoluble union,—in other words, a soul?—or will his house of clay succeed in dragging to its level his glorious spirit? Such were the two possible issues of this second step in the evolution of eternal life.

The result was foreseen. No spirit (save One) among the billions there present, when the "morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," no matter how great his inner momentum of righteousness, would be able, unaided, to save and exalt the "element" with which he was to be joined. Somewhere in the earth life of this tentative union called soul, the body would triumph over the spirit, and this too in spite of the fact, as we have seen, that environment, in terms of temporal handicaps, such as gravitation, hunger, thirst, cold, sickness and death, and a host of other prods, would be so shaped as to help the spirit galvanize into life the inertia of its earthly tenement.

Divine love was too great to permit these heavenly children thus to "fall", unless a way could be found of extending help for them to rise again. Such then was the necessity which gave rise to the plan of salvation. There was still another factor to be taken into account—man's free agency. Would he accept help, or would he be so deeply buried in matter that the very desire for heavenly uplift would be smothered? That contingency also was provided for; messengers would be sent to awaken the slumbering spirit,—God's mercy and love would manifest itself in the preaching of repentance. Moreover, life would be so full of vicissitudes as to teach the utter hollowness and instability of the temporal estate. If then the spirit would not arouse and fight for deliverance, then he must perhaps die forever, terrible as that alternative might be.

We are now prepared to get some clear insight to the meaning of the phrase, "quickenings of the body;" we shall likewise have learned to appreciate Paul's definition of the gospel, as the "*power of God unto salvation.*"

The Heart of the Little Old Lady

By Everett Spring

The jailor stepped into the superintendent's office.

"It's the little old lady," said he. "Shall I let her into the cell where Mary Dubonnet is confined?"

The superintendent mused awhile.

"Well, yes, Jackson, I suppose you may; for I hardly think anybody could be rude to her."

The man bowed and withdrew, and then the superintendent of the prison turned to his visitor, the Reverend Robert Briscoe, the great philanthropist, known everywhere for his good works, and said:

"It's a little old lady who visits all the prisons, going among the prisoners and doing a great deal of good even to us. She has permission, somehow or other, to come here; and she really has made progress in her work."

The minister smiled.

"How does she go about it?" he asked.

"Why, she always has a little basket with her, and what do you suppose is in it? Combs, and brushes, and perfume."

"Perfume?"

"Yes. The old lady says that a woman is never so bad, but she may be made better by the present of a clean handkerchief nicely scented; and she really is not far wrong, if you could see how all the women treat her. There she goes with Jackson. See her?"

And the minister came to the door, but he only saw the back of the old lady as she went up the passage at the side of the jailor, who stopped at a cell, unlocked the door, threw it open, admitted his companion, and locked her in.

This is what the minister saw. But this what the little old lady experienced:

"What do you want?" asked the angry voice of the inmate of the cell.

"My dear, I've come to see you," said the visitor.

"I don't want you. Go somewhere else; I want to rest."

"That's right. Rest awhile. I'm in no hurry, and I'll sit here and rest, too," said the old lady.

Out of sheer amazement the prisoner turned and looked at

the speaker. She saw the neat little figure, the pleasant old face with its kind eyes, and the little basket on her arm.

"Who are you?" she asked gruffly.

"Oh, I'm only the old woman who comes to see poor people. Who are you?"

"I'm Mary Dubonnet. What do you want with me?"

"First, I'll call you Mary, because, maybe, there was some one you once liked who used to call you so."

"Don't try to convert me in that way," was the angry reply. "Out with your Sunday school tracts, and go."

"These are my Sunday school tracts, Mary," was the mild reply. "A brush, and a comb; and see, here's a new handkerchief, and they are all for you. Now, may I stay?"

"Oh, I don't care; I don't want the things. What is it to me if my hair is over my eyes, or if I'm an object to look at? Nobody would like to see me different. Do you know why I'm here? Well, they say I'm a thief."

"They once said I was, too, Mary," rejoined the old lady, quietly.

"You!" repeated the woman, looking at her.

"Yes, Mary, long, long ago. But I was as innocent as you are."

"As I am? How do you know I'm innocent? Who'll prove that I'm innocent? Where can I get a lawyer to plead for me?"

The old lady came up to her, put the hair from her wild face, held on to both her arms, and spoke sadly:

"You've been a pretty girl, Mary. You've been good, and loving, and true; but there have been those who have deceived you. Don't you mind how harsh the world seems, for it is only harsh to those who make it so. I've found that out, but it took me a long while. Try to remember the old times, my dear; the old times when you were a happy, careless girl, and dearly loved by somebody."

It was remarkable how the old voice and words affected the girl. Her head fell on the old lady's breast, and she looked dreary enough, till all at once she sprang up, cast the old lady off, and stood defiantly confronting her.

"I am as I am," she cried. "You come too late with all this. What do I care if you were called a thief? It can't interest me."

The visitor sat down on the bench, folded her hands across the basket, and was quiet; and the girl looked down at her from where she was standing by the grating, and saw that the old cheeks were wet with tears.

"What are you crying for?" she asked, mockingly.

"For you, Mary," said the old lady, rising and going to her. My dear, I'm very old; and I've been amongst the poor people within these walls for many years, till they've got to quite like me; and some of them, when they left under happier circumstances, have cried while they shook hands with me, for they said mine was the only smile they had seen while they were here. But I can't give you a smile, Mary, but only tears."

"Why do you bother me, then?" asked the girl, pettishly. "God knows I've had enough of tears; and yours, though meant in kindness, can do little good."

But the old lady had been used to these ways for a long time, so she simply put down the articles she had brought with her, and was going away.

"Won't you shake hands and be friendly?" she turned and asked, however.

The girl half laughing, put out her hand; but when she felt it stroked by the old lady she burst into tears and let it remain.

Then the old arms urged her to the little seat, forced her down, and rested her head on the motherly breast of the visitor. The girl at this burst into tears, crying as she had not cried for many a day. The old lady, still holding her hand, let her weep.

Jackson, the jailor, put his head in.

"Time's up, ma'am," he called. And then the old lady rose, and still holding the hand, said:

"Goodby, my dear. Expect me tomorrow at this time."

With these words she went out, and the girl was alone.

Outside the gates the little old lady turned and nodded to the jailor.

"Pleasant day, Jackson, isn't it?" she said. And the man smiled as he greeted her.

The quaint figure next took her way down the sunny streets, filled with the spring air, that bathed country and town alike, towards the business portion of the town, and entered a lawyer's office.

"Good morning, Mrs. Richards," said the lawyer. "Another case, Mrs. Richards?"

"Another case, Mr. Knight."

"Murder, arson, theft, or what?"

"Theft, sir," she said gravely.

"Acknowledged?"

"Denied."

"Think the party's innocent?"

"Yes."

"Male or female?"

"Female."

"Name?"

"Mary Dubonnet."

"When does the case come on?"

"I'll find out and tell you tomorrow all about it," she replied. "And now I've prepared you, I'll go. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mrs. Richards," he replied, and handed her out.

Then she goes through the business portion of the street again, looked at and greeted with many a smile at her old-fashioned, kind-looking little figure, and so to her home.

The next day at the same hour she presents herself at the prison, is admitted, and goes to the superintendent's room with a bunch of flowers.

"I've brought you some of these, sir, for you really are so very kind to me," she said, separating the flowers.

He speaks to her, thanks her, and asks her whom the other flowers are for.

"Mary Dubonnet," she replied.

Then the superintendent speaks.

"I was telling a gentleman yesterday about the wonders you do here, Mrs. Richards, and he himself is a philanthropist."

"Oh, thank you, sir," she says. "I'm not that, indeed, but you are very kind to say so."

She bows, and goes to the cell. This time the prisoner is almost glad to see her, though she is abashed. But the old lady puts her at her ease in a moment.

"Now, you must tell me every bit of your story," she says, "and we'll see what can be done."

Little by little, the old lady draws out the weary recital, so stale in the annals of the court. She hears the tale of a downfall of a girl, beguiled from a good and loving home, deceived, and so on, for several years, till every vestige of the pure, innocent child is lost in the guilty woman who is now accused of theft by the miserable creatures with whom she has lived. Often broken by shame, often interrupted by the little old lady, at last the story is done. Then the girl says:

"I have told you this, but I don't think it will help me at all."

"Mary, I go from here to my lawyer's. Do you know I keep a lawyer on purpose to defend my children?"

"Your children?"

"Yes. I call all within these walls my children. When a new one is borne here, heavy with sorrow and shame, and perhaps guilt, I go to that one. I ask the story of the sorrow, or shame, and if, like you, they are friendless, I go to my lawyer's—

a fine man my dear—and I lay the case before him. I say to him: you learned your profession in order to straighten out the tangles of society. Now, here's a tangle at the extreme end of the pretty thread. Get it out, and show me it, smooth and straight. Rather poetical, isn't it? But Mr. Knight isn't at all poetical. Why, he's been married four times; and there is not much poetry in a man when he has four graves in a row, and four white tombstones all reading the same—wife of Andrew Knight—is there? However, he's a fine man. He laughed at me the first time I went to him, and he said I was wasting my income; but I stood up before him. Mr. Knight, I said. I'm an old woman; but years and years ago I had sorrow and shame, and there was no one to help me; so now that I have had some money left me by my aunt, I have made up my mind to spend it, to the very last penny, on those who are as wrongfully accused, as I was then, and who are quite as friendless. My dear, the man actually jumped up and shook my hand, and I really thought he had an idea of making me an offer on the spot; but I suppose he thought that five tombstones would be a little too much. So he only told me I was admirable—yes, that's it, admirable—and ever since then he has done just as I wish him to, and his charges are very reasonable, although he's so high in his profession. So now I shall go to him from here. I shall tell him all that you have told me; and you'll have someone to defend you after all."

Then the girl's trembling lips said:

"May God bless you."

Again the old lady went tirelessly down the corridor, stopping every now and then to ask about a prisoner, tapping at the wicket of a cell to say something to the inmate, and so off she goes to her lawyer.

Prison discipline has attracted much attention of late years from society, so that philanthropists have sprung up at every corner. There are lengthy and erudite articles written, and then printed in papers and magazines; there are meetings for and against any change in the mode of carrying on incarceration for crime; and the prisoners have the benefit of seeing many strangers who come to look into things, while the things themselves go on as usual.

The Reverend Robert Briscoe, the best of his kind, was noted for the interest which he took in the management of prisoners. He talked with the prisoners as a man to man, as a good man to women.

That same day he also goes the rounds of the prison; he also was admitted to the cells where those awaiting trial are confined. He sees and speaks to many, and at last he comes to

the cell of Mary Dubonnet. He has it opened for him; but a fearful cry meets him as he enters, and the woman crouches in the corner, hiding her face in her hands.

He touched her pityingly on the shoulder, but she writhes away from him. He says kind words to her, but she cries aloud for him to leave her, and the jailer thinks its best; so the minister, sighing, goes out.

That night, they said, the girl sobbed for hours; that she beat against the iron of her cell, screaming that she must be taken away from there. So, when the little old lady comes the next morning, the superintendent tells her how unruly her new protegee has been, and advises her to be careful; that these women are not to be trusted.

With a sorrowful face the little old lady heard him, but goes to the cell. There she sees the girl, white and weak, lying down.

"Mary, are you ill? she asks.

"Oh, no-no!" she bursts out crying; "but take me away—take me away!"

"There, there! Only a little longer, for Mr. Knight thinks he can clear you, Mary; and your story proves your innocence, and he is busy hunting up evidence."

"But I cannot stay here; I shall die," moaned the girl.

The old lady kneels down beside her.

"Tell me what has made this change in you since yesterday," she says, "for I left you calm and hopeful."

The girl only moaned and did not speak.

"Has anything happened?"

No answer.

"Has anyone been here to alarm you?"

"Oh, yes-yes! You know I told you, in the poor story of my life that I had a pure, good home once. You can imagine that, in such a case, I should change my name after I had left it."

"Then you are not Mary Dubonnet?"

"No. And my father is a minister, and he was here yesterday; and I shall die! I shall die! for he spoke to me kindly, not knowing who I was. He spoke to me and touched me, when, if he knew all, he would have spurned and cursed me!"

And in a paroxysm of grief she flung up her hands.

The old lady, still kneeling beside her looked at her long and fixedly.

"Did your father turn you from home?" she asked.

"Oh, no-no! He sought me out, but I hid away from him, and when he was nearly finding me one cold winter's night,

rather than meet him I fled through the streets in terror. I fled through the blinding snow to the churchyard, and hid myself behind my mother's gravestone. I did—I did—for I knew, of all places in the world, they would not seek me there."

"Poor child! Poor child!" whispered the old lady, but had no other words to say. She could see the wild grief of the girl, and her repulsion for the sinfulness which she had lived in all these years. She could see that, when the awfulness of her guilt had burst on Mary, when she was new to it, she fled from the kind father who sought her, not because she feared his anger but his forgiveness; and stricken with terror, even then at the magnitude of her fall, the old feeling had come to her now, when she was no longer young, and when years of downfall could not obliterate the terrible whiteness of her father's forgiving heart.

There, in the narrow prison cell, the little old lady listened to the girl—listened to the self-accusations to the words of revengeful memory, that came now from the glorious heights down to the depths of despair—listened to, and saw a new phase in the life that she had undertaken to make better.

The keeper came to warn the little old lady that it was time for her to go; but she motioned him away, and he left, and told the superintendent.

"Let her remain," said that official, "for another half hour."

And when that half hour was up, the little old lady walked quietly out, wiping her eyes.

"Jackson," she said to the keeper, "you are very kind to me, so you'll excuse me for giving you extra trouble. How are your wife and children, Jackson?"

And Jackson, good-natured, instantly answered her, and thought her, as usual, a fine old woman.

And she—she walked into the superintendent's office.

"Mrs. Richards, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Sir, will you be good enough to look in the book where you register the names of prisoners, and tell me something?"

"Certainly, ma'am. What year?"

"Look for 1870. That's long before your time. December 24th, the day before Christmas."

Reaching down a dusty volume, he goes over its index, finds the page, reads several names, and at last says:

"Helen Sanford—theft. Sentenced to two years. Afterwards proved innocent and liberated after being confined six months."

"That's it!" she says. "Let me see it. Helen Sanford, 1870. That's a long time ago, sir."

"Yes, indeed. She must be an old woman now, if she's living."

"Yes; she must be an old woman now."

"Anything else, Mrs. Richards?"

"Eh? Oh, dear, no! Thank you, sir. I forgot myself—I was thinking. Ah, yes! There is something else, and important, too. Mary Dubonnet is to be tried tomorrow. May I come here a little early, so that I can make her look neat and tidy? You know I think she's innocent, and I should like her to impress the jury favorably."

"Oh, yes, you can come early," he said, smiling.

Early the next morning, accordingly, she was at the prison, and when Mary came out, she was by her side, her arm in the girl's.

"Mary," she said, "I shan't be able to get very near you, but look straight across the court, and you'll be sure to see me. And after it's all over I'll be with you. Goodby till then!"

"But they may not find me innocent."

"Pshaw, child! Mr. Knight is to be trusted, and he says they will acquit you."

The little old lady gained the spectator's seats, and looked around. There was Mary Dubonnet, cowed and frightened, but neat and womanly; and there was the redoubtable Knight, talking to her with a confident air.

At last the trial of Mary Dubonnet for larceny was called, and then the little old lady watched intently. She saw the jury, and devoured them with her looks. One of them seemed tired, and she vowed that man was a cross husband. She looked at her lawyer, and was satisfied, till an array of witnesses, low-looking people enough, stood up and swore to the girl's guilt; and the main witness—the woman with whom Mary Dubonnet had lodged—in the most shameless manner swore to falsehoods, till the little old lady was beside herself with indignation, and fear for her lawyer's powers.

But that learned man flurried the principal witness; he asked her such out-of-the-way questions; he confused her, angered her, proved her tale to be quite the opposite to the way she had told it, and then he called witnesses for the defense, argued long and noisily, but acutely; gained the attention of the court, roused the jury by a joke or two, and at last Mary Dubonnet was declared innocent, and had swooned, with her head leaning on the railing of the dock.

"Remove that woman?" said the judge.

And somebody cried, "There's two of her!"

For the little old lady had, somehow or other, during the

confusion, forced herself in among the attorneys, and was over in the dock holding the unconscious girl by the waist.

Both her and her charge were led into a back room; and while she held a glass of water to Mary Dubonnet's lips, she shook Mr. Knight by the hand.

Then she took the girl's arm in hers.

"Come," she said.

"Where?" asked the girl. "I have no place to go to."

"No place to go to? You're to come to my house at once."

Tears were falling from the girl's eyes, and weak as a child, they led her forth.

Had anyone looked in at the window of the little old lady's home that night, they would have seen this:

The girl, proved guiltless only that morning, lay in the bed, not sleeping, but sadly weary, utterly changed from yesterday—weak and despondent, but sad and repentant—and they would have seen the little old lady, her bonnet on, stoop down and kiss the girl's lips.

"And now, Mary, I'm going out for a little while," she said, "and I'll lock you in. The last time you'll ever be locked in in this world—eh? Yes, now smile and go to sleep, and I'll return soon."

And they would have seen her lower the gas, and come out of the house and go rapidly up the street. They would have seen her stand before the door of the house where the Reverend Robert Briscoe lived and ring the bell and go in.

Then she passes into the pleasantly lit library, where the minister is sitting. He rises as she advances and says:

"Good evening, madam. Do you wish to see me?"

The little old lady, weak for once in her life, holds on to the back of a chair, and looking at him strangely does not say a word.

Mr. Briscoe repeats his question; and then the little old lady abruptly goes to him, falls in front of him on her knees, raises her face towards him and cries out:

"Oh! don't you know me? Don't you know me? Have all these years made such a change in me? Look closer—look closer and past these wrinkles and the signs of toil, see me as I was so long ago."

He starts from her.

"Do you come from the grave, Helen Sanford?"

"No, not from the grave!" she cries, still kneeling, "but from the dead past. I am the woman who went from you years ago, accused of crime, but innocent as you know I was. I am the woman who was to have married you, but that my disgrace

turned you from me. Oh! believe me that I do not come here to tell you this on my own account—believe me that I have buried those old times—believe me that I never meant to act in this way tonight; but the sight of you, after all these years strangely moved me. But I came for a better purpose than to speak of myself.”

He went to her.

“Whatever you came for, Helen, your place is not on the ground. You have raised me up to the position I occupy. The knowledge of your disgrace, though it veiled you, made me aspire to be a good man—to go everywhere where temptation was strong—for at that time I thought you guilty. I, a poor boy at a store, knowing you, a poor girl also employed there, learning to love you for all the little goodnesses, the kindnesses you ever did me, hear that you are accused of theft by our employers. Crazy and wild I would willingly share your disgrace, and impulsively lie—swear that I helped you to steal—thereby not only accusing myself but making you guilty, though you may be innocent. But my frenzied talk is not believed, and I see you dragged away from me. I am ill for a long time, and recovered to be told that you had been convicted. Weak and changed, I know what a terrible crime you are accused of; how weak I am to afford you any help; that you will never see me again, for I know your spirit so well, and that it will not bear disgrace. So I go away to another city—study, and become a minister of the gospel—all through you; for in those times you were so much to me!”

And he stood there old and shaken.

“Yes, I know,” she spoke, “and I thought of everything; so we must put all that time out of our lives, Robert, for I am an old woman, you are an old man, and we have now to live only for the good we can do to others. I came from Mary Dubonnet, the girl whom you tried to see in prison; you must recollect her.”

“What! Are you the little old woman who was with her so much?” he asked quickly.

“I am the little old woman,” she replied, “and Mary Dubonnet was declared innocent this morning.”

“And through you, I know,” he said gently, “for I have heard as much.”

“No; through Mr. Knight,” she said.

“And you came here to see me about this, Helen? It is kind, and I would do anything in the world for the poor girl. Has she no friends?”

"What friends could a girl have who has been in prison?" she asked.

"You answer me cruelly, Helen," he replied sadly.

"Not cruelly and not quite truthfully; for I am her friend."

"That is a good answer."

"And if you are willing to help me, you will come to my house where she is staying."

"Did you take her to your house?"

"Would you have me take her to yours?"

Then, noticing that he looked strangely at her, she added:

"Forgive me." I forget that I am talking to you. I forget that I am Helen Sanford for I am better known as the little old lady."

"Are you married?"

"You should have known me better than to ask that."

"You are not?"

"No. Now if you will come with me, get ready; for I am so excited—so nervous and weak—that I don't know how I shall get through this trying day and night."

He put on his hat and gloves and, giving her his arm, they went out.

What may have been her thoughts as she once more paced the streets, with her hand resting on his arm, his old, well-known presence shielding her, no one knew; but neither of them spoke—neither noticed that the other was quiet—and so they came to her house.

She ushered him into the homely little sitting room, then took off her bonnet, and he looked about him.

"Where is the girl? You told me she was here," he said.

"She is upstairs in my bed," she answered.

"In your bed?"

"Yes," she said; and then asking him to be seated, she took a chair in front of him, held up her hand and continued: "Robert, I want you to tell me of your married life. Had you a happy one?"

"Yes. Thank God, a happy one!" he said.

"And your wife left you a child?"

"How do you know that," he asked, startled.

"You must answer me, Robert. I have a purpose."

"I will answer you. She did."

"You have not seen her for a long time?"

"God help her." You do know my story, Helen, and it is not like you to grieve me so. You know that my poor girl was betrayed; that I hunted everywhere for her; that I was willing and yearning to take her back, to lead her erring footsteps into newer paths, to love her for never having known the care of a

mother, for my wife died when our child was a baby; and, oh, I believe that child to be dead!"

"No, you must not believe that, Robert," said the little old lady.

"What! You know she is alive? Tell me!"

"First tell me, if you should find her, would you still show her tenderness and love, and more than usual, for she has been without them so long?"

"God knows I would!"

"Would you say no words of old times, of her guilt, her sorrow, and her shame; no word that should ever make her think that you remembered the time that you could not find her?"

"Do you know my calling, Helen? Can you ask me that, while my eyes are wet with tears of loving compassion?"

She wiped her own eyes and went on: "Would you take her away from here to a place where she is unknown, and where she may never be known but as a good, pure woman?"

"Oh, I will, for I sail in a week as a missionary, and she shall accompany me."

"Then, Robert Briscoe, Mary Dubonnet is your daughter."

"Helen!" he cried, and pressed his hand to his head.

She went to him and spoke slowly: "Robert, she told me this one day in her cell. She told me that you had come to her in the prison; that you spoke to her, touched her kindly; but that she shrank from you, and you did not see her face."

"Take me to her," he said calmly.

"Not in that way," she said, "not in that way. You must go to her as I love to think Christ went to the Magdalen."

"How?"

"With tears in your eyes so that she may see them, and know that they wash out everything but love and trust and pity."

Then he took her hand.

"Helen, God bless you." You teach me in the lovely ways of true womanhood." And she looked at him and motioned him to follow her.

Up the little stairs they went into the dim chamber, and there on the bed lay the daughter. He tottered across the room, and kneeling beside the bed, put his arms around her. She awoke and saw the little old lady.

"Where am I?" she asked, frightened.

"With those who love you," answered the pleasant voice.

She started up crying: "Who is this man?"

"Your father," said the little old lady, and she heard a glad, startled cry; she saw the poor deluded girl in the clasp of her father, and she fell on her knees and raised her hands above her

head, crying out: "Oh, Father in heaven! Oh, Father in heaven! Our lives are not in vain!"

As she spoke, the first streak of the morning light struggled in at the window.

Then, when it was later in the day, and the father and daughter were still there, she put breakfast things out for them, put on her bonnet, and when they looked at her questioningly, she said:

"I am going to the prison, to my children. They must not think I have neglected them," and took up her little basket and went out.

A week later she stood on board the ship that took the minister and his daughter away. The girl hung around her neck, blessing and kissing her, and when the father said, "Farewell!" to her, he added:

"I have so much to remember, Helen, and will hope to meet you again when all is over."

"Yes," she said gently, "Robert, all will be well someday. You are going many miles away; take care of Mary—love her, teach her about her mother in heaven, and sometimes pray for me."

"Helen, my life has been one prayer for you. And now where do you go?"

She pointed in the direction of the prison.

The whistle blew, the bell rang, and she stood on the wharf watching the stately ship sail far, far away; and she saw the minister holding his daughter with one arm, and waving the other towards her; and the daughter, weeping, pointed up to heaven. And with her hands clasped over her little basket her quaint figure lonely among the many there, the watcher followed with her eyes the foam the ship made in going away, and someone suddenly asked:

"Who was that woman sobbing so hard?"

And another added:

"It is the little old lady of the prison," and watched her as she went up the street; for the ship was out of sight.

Washington, D. C.

Be Ready

Be ready to every good work. * * * Speak evil of no man, * * * but be gentle, showing all meekness unto all men. For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy; hateful, and hating one another. But after that, the kindness and love of God, our Savior, toward man appeared."—Titus 3:1-5.



Left: Vern Owen, Peterson, Utah; Center: Justus Stevens, Logan, Utah; Right: Francis Hayes, Salt Lake City. The first three young men in Utah to receive commissions in the Reserve Officers' Corps of the Army of the United States. These men were commissioned as second lieutenants at the regular commencement exercises held at the Utah Agricultural College last June.

Training for Peace-Time Leadership

By D. E. Robinson, Professor of Marketing, Utah Agricultural College

I watched him come sidling into the office of the College Commandant as a tramp might approach a police captain—half hoping that he might be thrown in a warm jail for the winter—half afraid there might be a job of rock breaking to do.

With shuffling feet and awkward pose he mumbled, "Is this where you got to take drill?" Following a significant look from the Commandant, he removed his shapeless hat, and disclosed a shock of black hair in which I almost imagined I could see burrs sticking.

"Yes, sir," rapped out the Commandant. And in less than five minutes the applicant had been registered for military work, had been given a few fundamental instructions concerning soldierly bearing, and, most significant of all, had even caught so much of the spirit and snap of military training that when he left the room his hat was on straight, his knees straightened out as he walked, and his shoulders were nearly erect.

I turned to Major Sullivan, the Commandant in charge of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, at the Utah Agricultural College, Logan. "What's the use, Major?" I asked, "you don't hope ever to make a soldier out of that fellow?"

"More than that," answered the Major. "We are going to

make officer material out of him, if we can have him throughout his entire schooling."

Within a year I had occasion to recall the Major's promise. A young man in uniform, erect of carriage, firm of step, with a clear voice trained to give commands, was taking a platoon through a snappy drill. The Major at my side said, "There's the young grizzly I promised to turn into an officer. He's de-



The work in the Motor Transport Unit is intensely practical and makes of the student a trained mechanic

veloping more quickly than I thought. He loves the work and is aiming for a captaincy." Only after a private interview, following the drill, could I convince myself that this was actually the same young man.

Right then and there, I decided that the Reserve Officers' Training Corps is one of the biggest factors in building young manhood in our schools today. And I asked Major Sullivan,



One of the two Browning machine guns in the Coast Artillery laboratory. The cadets learn the mathematical and mechanical principles underlying the operation of these guns

in charge of the Coast Artillery unit, at the U. A. C., and Captain Challice, in charge of the Motor Transport unit, to talk to me about the aims and ideals of the work. Said Major Sullivan:

The progress of military training in our schools and colleges is already most encouraging. Figures given out by the Secretary of War show that, at the close of the past academic year, the total enrollment in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps was 90,811. There were 227 senior units with 5,025 students enrolled in the advanced courses and 39,228 students enrolled in the basic courses. There were 116 junior units with an enrollment of 46,558. Of these junior units, 51, with an enrollment of 34,472 were organized in the high schools of the country. Of the 5,025 students in the advanced courses, 1,069 qualified for commissions in the Officers' Reserve Corps, at the close of the academic year. The work offered at the U. A. C. is typical of that given throughout the country.

Our purpose is not to make soldiers of our students. We are training the future officers of a nation. In time of war a good soldier can be made

in three months. A good officer takes years to train. But while the War Department justifies itself in organizing these military units in the schools on the ground that the greatest country on earth must have a citizenry trained to defend its ideals of liberty, there is even a greater justification for this work in our educational institutions. We are training leaders for times of peace just as surely as we are training leaders for times of war.

Employers of men often come to me for recommendations concerning applicants for positions. If I can tell an employer that the applicant has gone through his military training with credit, he is satisfied to overlook much else. He knows that such a man can both give and take orders—that he can be depended upon to carry a job through—that he has learned to think quickly in emergencies.

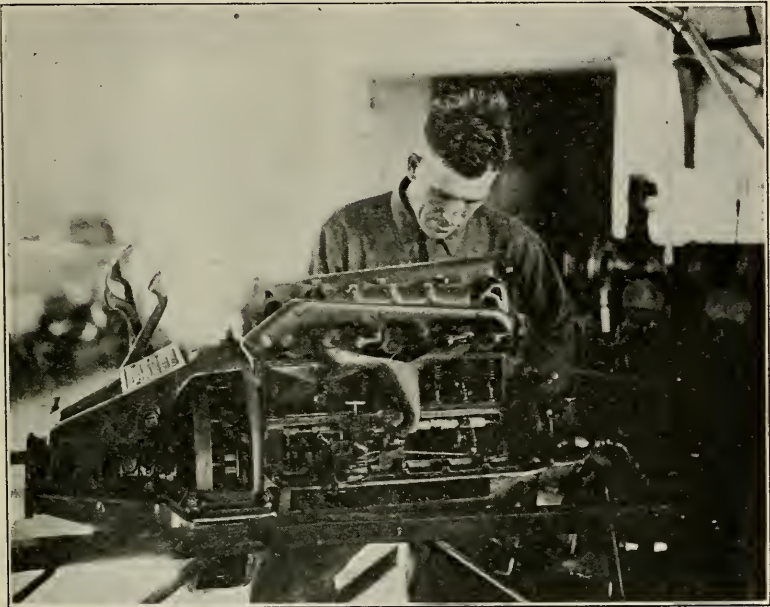
Various phases of military work are taken up in the different schools. One school may have an infantry unit, another a cavalry unit, a third a field artillery unit, a coast artillery unit or a motor transport unit. The Utah Agricultural College is particularly fortunate in that it has two of the most interesting units in the entire R. O. T. C., the coast artillery and the motor transport. Each unit is divided into two courses, the basic and the advanced. In the first year of the basic course, the cadets take up the school of the soldier, the school of the squad, the manual of arms, platoon drill, company drill, battalion drill, parades and inspection. During the sophomore year, the following subjects form part of the military instruction: military courtesy and discipline, care and handling of arms and equipment, personal hygiene, first aid and sanitation, guard duty, minor tactics, liaison, topography and map reading, and signalling.

In addition to the above, the sophomore students in each unit receive special instruction in the material pertaining to the particular branch of the service selected. For the motor transport students, theoretical and practical instruction is given in automotive and gas engines in general, in the assembling of automobile and truck bodies, in automotive repair work and in the handling of truck convoys on the road.

The one hour weekly special instruction for sophomores in the basic coast artillery course comprises practical work with an 8-inch Howitzer and a 155-mm.-G. P. F. gun. Both of these guns represent types that were handled by the coast artillery troops in action in France. In addition, instruction is given in the types of powders, explosives, projectiles, primers and fuses used; instruments used for determining ranges to targets; artillery telephones and the different types of devices used for correcting ranges to enemy targets. A model plotting room for determining ranges similar to the plotting rooms actually existing in our coast defenses today has been set up at the College.

Students in the basic course who so elect may take the six weeks' course of instruction at a basic camp during the summer following the first or second year of the basic course. Transportation to and from the camp, rations, clothing, medical and dental treatment are furnished by the Government.

After completing the two years basic course of instruction, students who have successfully qualified are eligible to continue their education in the advanced course of the unit which they selected in the freshman year. To be thus eligible, students must be considered qualified by the President of the Agricultural College of Utah and by the Professor of Military



Studying the cut away model of a gasoline engine. Every working part is plainly shown

Science and Tactics. Only the best students are admitted.

Students who elect the advanced course and are admitted thereto agree in writing to pursue the course until graduation and to attend the six weeks' course of practical instruction known as the advanced summer camp which starts about the middle of June between the junior and senior years. The student pursuing the advanced course receives commutation of rations, about 53 cents a day, until graduation. Travel to and from the camp and living expenses at the camp, including medical attention, are provided for by the United States Government. In

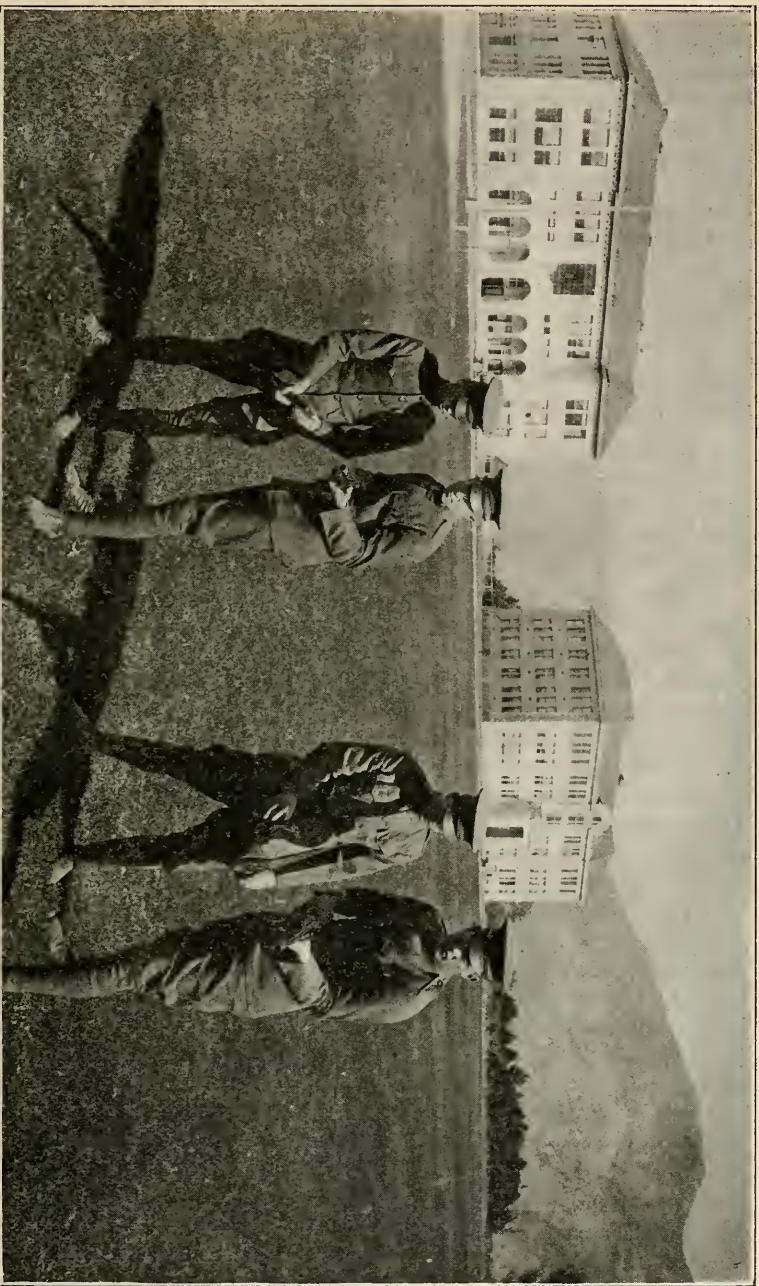


Students operating the switchboard in the Coast Artillery laboratory. This switchboard controls the timing mechanisms and other electrical equipment in the laboratory

addition, the advanced student receives \$1 a day while at camp.

During the junior and senior years, the advanced course for both units includes the following subjects; camp sanitation, care of troops in the field, minor tactics, topography and map reading, field engineering, common law, military law, and administration.

The instruction in the junior and senior years of the coast



Students of the Utah Agricultural College R. O. T. C. demonstrating the use of the Browning automatic rifle.

artillery unit also includes the following subjects: gunnery, orientation and surveying, coast artillery drill regulations, exterior ballistics, ordnance, organization of the artillery, tactical artillery problems. In the motor transport unit the following subjects are covered: advanced motor vehicle engineering, motor vehicle construction and design, convoy problems, transportation surveys, administration and maintenance, organization operation, economics of motor transportation.

Upon the satisfactory completion of the advanced course, the student, if he so desires and is so recommended by the President of the Agricultural College of Utah and the Professor of Military Science and Tactics, will be given a commission as second lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Corps in the branch in which he qualified.

Last year, the institution presented commissions to three young men, the first such commissions to be granted in the State of Utah. These men are J. Francis Hayes of Salt Lake City, Vern Owen, of Peterson, Utah, and Justus Stevens, of Logan, Utah.

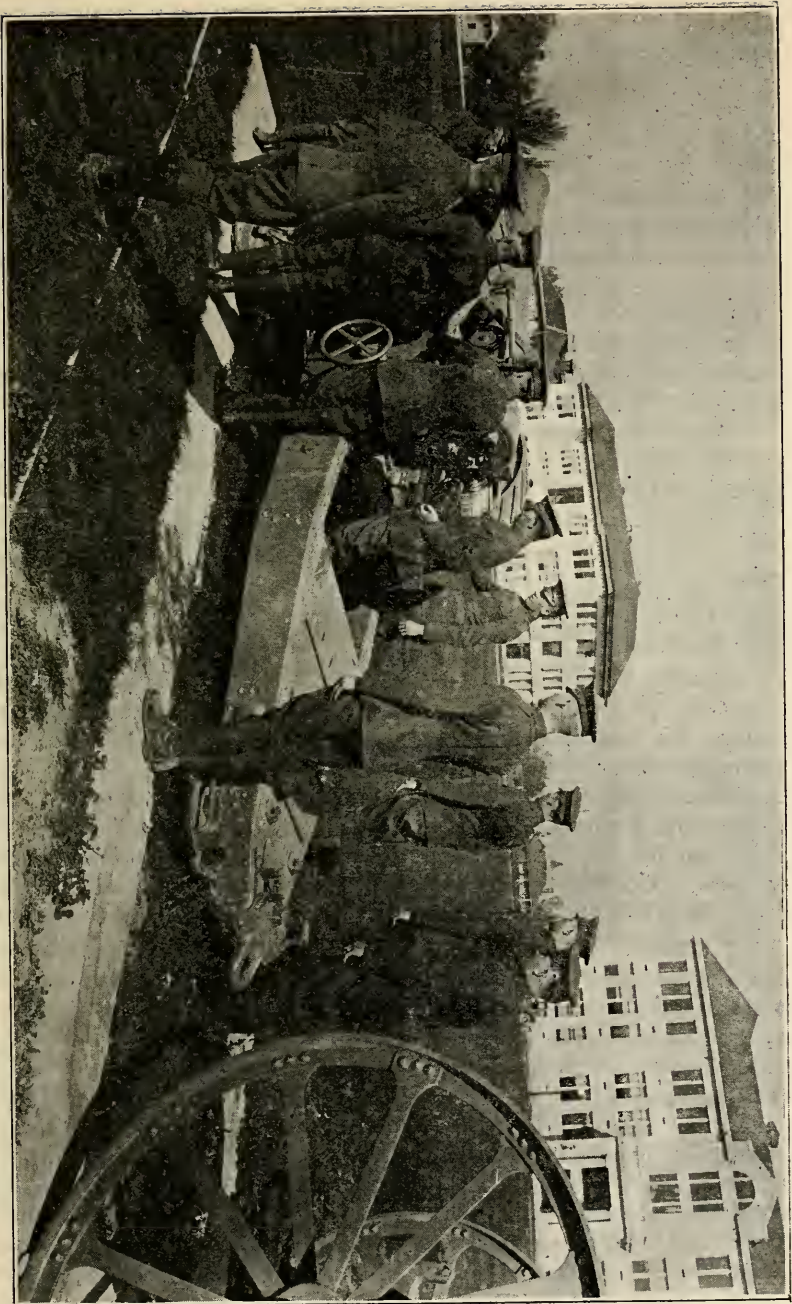
The student who has accepted a commission in the Reserve Corps of the United States Army will be obliged to attend a two weeks camp each summer unless he is excused for urgent reasons. His transportation to and from the camp will be paid by the Government, and while at the camp he will receive the full pay of his rank in the army.

The equipment necessary to give such an ambitious course is extensive. It represents an investment worth some \$175,000. This material placed at the college shows clearly how important the United States Government considers the work at the institution.

The coast artillery unit is equipped with one 37 millimeter gun such as was used by the infantry in going "over the top;" with six Browning automatic rifles; 2 machine guns; one 8-inch howitzer of the type used by the U. S. troops on the western front; one mine case used in mining harbors; one 3-inch Stokes mortar; complete equipment for a plotting room with plotting board, gun deflector board, power switch board, telephones, and radio equipment; and a puff board, representing the field of the battle of Gettysburg, where gun ranges can be ascertained. A 155 millimeter G. P. F. gun is coming to complete the equipment of the coast artillery unit.

The Motor Transport Unit has in its equipment one 5-ton Mac truck, three 3-ton Riker trucks, two 1½-ton G. M. C. trucks, one 1½-ton White truck, one Dodge touring car, two motorcycles, one dismounted truck gas engine for study purposes, one dis-

Loading the 8-inch howitzer. The College has complete range-finding equipment for this and other coast defense guns



mounted Brill machine shop, one sectionalized Ford motor, and one ten-ton artillery tractor.

In addition, the department maintains at the college store rooms where complete uniforms are apportioned out to the students, and an armory where an indoor target range has been rigged up. An outdoor target range has been established some two miles east of the college, in the mountain side. During the winter the indoor range is the scene of exciting matches, while during the fall and spring the cadets go by truck to the outdoor range where more ambitious contests are staged.

"What, in your opinion, are the outstanding benefits to the student who takes military work in an R. O. T. C. unit?" I asked Major Sullivan, following our tour of inspection. "For briefness I will tabulate them," answered the Major:

"First, he learns to give and take orders.

"Second, he learns the value of an erect carriage—head up, shoulders back.

"Third, he improves his health by proper exercise.

"Fourth, he develops qualities of leadership. He learns to think quickly and to give commands clearly.

"Fifth, he develops a love of country that every true American must have."

"Sixth, he gets paid for going to school. During his first two years of training he is uniformed at government expense. During his last two years he receives, in addition to clothing, approximately \$300 from the government. In an address by the Honorable John W. Weeks, Secretary of War, recently delivered by Major General James G. Harbord, Deputy Chief of Staff, on behalf of the Secretary of War, before the students of Lehigh University, we have an authoritative statement of the value of the R. O. T. C. I refer you to the following excerpts:

"Student military training does not involve a sacrifice for the public good without return to the individual. It has a positive educational value for each student. Our most eminent educators have agreed that, aside from its physical benefits, time devoted to the military studies in the R. O. T. C. is fully entitled to credit in the general scheme of mental culture. The student of engineering will be a better civil engineer for some knowledge of the military applications of his profession to the nation. In subjecting themselves to the discipline which is essential to military teamwork, young men soon learn the real secret of modern civilization which depends upon the combined action of human beings to common ends.

"There is also a distinct moral advantage in the contemplation of patriotic service to the nation and in preparing to

meet its obligations. But perhaps the greatest benefit of military training is found in the opportunity it gives a young man to develop his gift of leadership and to acquire a sense of its responsibility. No man can prepare himself to serve his country in war without making himself more valuable for all of the relations of civil life. The student who avails himself of the opportunity offered by the R. O. T. C. will graduate a better man for himself, for his family and for his country. He will go out better prepared for peace as well as for war.

“Today the Government of the United States is determined to take such measures in time of peace as a prudent nation should take, not in the interest of, or with the thought of military aggrandizement, or military aggression against other nations, which the sentiment of our people and the fixed policy of our Government forbid, but in the interest of the preservation of peace among the nations of the earth, and the War department appeals to the Universities and Colleges—The Institutions of Higher Education in our land—to give effective aid to this and by giving our intelligent educated college-bred men such reasonable means of military training and knowledge as will make better men of them, and prepare them to serve efficiently the country, if need should arise.”

The Sunflower

I stood in the fields at sunrise
 On a morn so fair and bright,
 And saw how gladly the sunflowers
 Turned their faces to the light.

At midday those selfsame flowers,
 Still looked at the smiling sun.
 At even' they faced the glowing west,
 Whence its last bright rays had come.

And thus do we ever find them,
 With their golden blossoms bright,
 Looking with hope and constancy
 To the source of earthly light.

O! that we, like the faithful flowers,
 In life's early morning bright,
 Might seek for our inspiration
 At the source of heavenly light.

O! that life's midday may find us,
 With face to its living rays,
 And may we still be seeking it,
 At the eve of earthly days.

Payson, Utah

J. Raymond Huish

Lest We Forget

By Dr. Seymour B. Young, of the First Council of Seventy

VII. The Snake River Expedition

On the night of July 15, 1862, a small band of Indians visited the ranch of Jack Robinson, one of the oldest mountaineers inhabiting the Bridger country, his camp about six miles above the Fort. They succeeded in running off upwards of three hundred head of horses and mules, of which number thirty returned on the following morning. Captain Smith with his command was encamped near the old Fort, and was notified by Mr. Robert Hereford, son-in-law of Jack Robinson, of the theft of the mountaineer's animals. Immediately after the bugle call, boots and saddles were in order, and in about three hours' time sixty men, including Mr. Hereford, were mounted and ready for the chase. There were ten pack animals carrying the camp outfit and general supplies, with ten days' provisions. The following is a list of names of the Expedition:

Captain Lot Smith; First Lieutenant J. S. Rawlins; Second Lieutenant John Quincy Knowlton; Wagon Master Solomon H. Hale; Sergeants S. W. Riter, Howard O. Spencer; Corporals S. B. Young, W. Bringhurst, Newton Marrick, Andrew Bigler, H. B. Clemens; Privates Joseph Goddard, L. A. Huffaker, Jesse Cherry, Landon Rich, Tom Harris, Wood Alexander, E. M. Shurtliff, James Sharp, Tom Caldwell, Theodore Calkins, John Cahoon, Mark Murphy, Joseph Fisher, Albert Randall, Henry Bird, William Longstroth, William Lutz, William Grant, Hyrum Kimball, Peter Corney, E. A. Boble, Isaae Atkinson H. B. Simmons, Donald McNichol, Lewis Osborn, E. M. Weiler, Joseph Terry, Charles Burnham, George Cotterill, A. S. Rose, Laconius Barnard, Robert Hereford, J. M. Hixon, William Rhodes, Hugh D. Park, Jimmie Wells (alias Paddy Miles Boy), Lars Jensen, James Carrigan, Edward Brown, John Arrowsmith, Frank Cantwell, Moses Gibson, John R. Bennion, Samuel Bennion, Jimmie Larkins, James Green, James Finlay, Francis Prince and Wm. Bess.

The tracks of the stolen animals indicated that the Indians had taken a northwesterly course which the pursuers followed for twelve days, going as far as the head of the Snake River Valley, near the Three Tetons, about 135 miles northeast of Fort Hall. Their first ride in the afternoon was thirty-five miles to the Muddy, through which the company had to swim and drag their pack animals with ropes, submerging the packs, provisions and clothing. The Indians, in their hasty flight,

here abandoned two ponies and three of the stolen colts.

Second Day:—The company started at daylight, passed an abandoned mule, traveled fifteen miles and breakfasted at a small spring. Three miles farther they crossed Ham's Fork where, from the tracks of the animals at the crossing, the Indians appeared to have had great difficulty in keeping together their booty; three more colts had been abandoned. The company swam with their animals over the Fork and traveled seventeen miles before dinner. After resting their animals a couple of hours they resumed their march and made thirty-five miles, arriving at Fontenelle, a fork of Green river, five miles north of Sublett's cut off.

Third day.—Started at daylight, and rode eighteen miles before breakfast, traveled twenty-five miles farther, stopped to take dinner and rest the animals on an island of Green River, five miles below the Lander road. During this ride they found the first camping place of the thieves since they had left Bridger. Here the Indians appeared to be as far in advance of the pursuing party as at the start from Bridger. They having kept thus far in advance, suggested to the soldiers the necessity of preparations for a longer expedition than was contemplated at starting. Accordingly, Captain Smith and Lieutenant Knowlton rode ahead to the Lander Cut Off, to a camp of emigrants, to obtain provisions; but they were unsuccessful. The expedition afterwards came up and continued on fifteen miles before camping for the night. In conversing with the emigrants, it was ascertained that on the Thursday previous the Indians had stolen four animals from an emigrant train bound for Salmon river. Seven of the emigrants followed them, and had a fight, resulting in one of the white men being killed and three wounded. Nothing was recovered. On the night preceding the arrival of the expedition, some Indians attacked an emigrant train, wounding one man, stealing a horse and some cattle.

Fourth day:—The expedition rested their animals in the morning during which time Lieutenant Knowlton, Seymour B. Young and Solomon Hale returned to the Lander Road, and tried to purchase provisions from another train of eight wagons, but could obtain none. The immigrants refused to furnish anything, though the boys were willing to pay them any price. In fact, the style of the immigrants was anything but complimentary, underlying which was something like the suspicion that the expedition was probably connected with the Indians who had attacked the immigrants already noticed.

Broke camp at noon and marched thirty-five miles, and camped on a small stream near the base of the Green River

mountains. On the way, we came upon a camp that had been suddenly abandoned by the Indians, in which was found a good deal of fat beef, the remnants of five oxen; but having apparently been too long exposed to the hot sun was unfit for use. The Indians had evidently been surprised, as there were evidences of a very sudden departure, and indications of a fight. Among other things, an emigrant cap was found lying on the ground perforated with a bullet.

Fifth day:—Started at daylight, and traveled twenty-one miles, crossing the north fork of Green river. Rested two hours, here was another animal abandoned. Five miles further, struck the south fork of Green river. Crossed to the other side, and traveled thirty miles down the stream over a fearfully rough road. The trail taken by the Indians here was over land slides, rocks and loose stones; some places hundreds of feet above the river, where one misstep would have sent horse and rider precipitately into the stream. On this trail, the company found evidences of other thefts, such as the tracks of large American horses, mules and cattle. This justified the conclusion that the original band, pursued from Bridger, had gathered strength in numbers during their flight. By taking such a direct route, the red men probably intended to mislead the pursuer into the belief that the Crow Indians had been the aggressors. But for this, the Indians would certainly have taken another trail than the dangerous one passed over during the day. The expedition swam the main fork of the river, and camped for the night. From the freshness of the tracks, and the remnants of a sage hen, the Indians seemed here to have been not more than six hours ahead of the expedition. An abandoned white horse was found here.

At the end of the day's march, on the twenty-first day of July, a council was called, and officers and men, all agreed that the company was too large and that with a smaller allotment of men, it was believed they could make better progress in pursuit of the Indians. On inspection it was found that about twenty horses were lame, for the reason that they were unshod when they left the camp at Fort Bridger, and their feet had become exceedingly tender and sore with the constant contact of the gravel and rocks over which they had passed during the five days' hasty march; consequently twenty disabled horses, with their riders, were ordered to return to camp near Bridger, these troopers in charge of Lieutenant Rawlins, there to remain and await further orders.

Sixth day:—This morning the smaller division of our command in charge of Lieutenant Rawlins broke camp and after bidding goodby to their comrades, who were to continue their

journey north under Captain Smith, they began their return march to the encampment near Bridger.

The names of returning comrades are as follows: Lieut. Rawlins commanding the party, with Corporal Newton Myrick, privates William C. Allen, Joseph Terry, Charles Burnham, George Cottrell, Allie S. Rose, James M. Hickson, Hugh D. Park, William Rhodes, Lars Jensen, James Carrigan, Ebenezer Brown, John Arrowsmith, Frank Cantwell, James Green, Joseph Imlay, Francis Prince and Lewis A. Huffaker, Josiah Eardley, and Wm. Bess.

After starting, this portion of the company on their return to the main body of the command traveled ten miles through a very rocky, thickly-wooded canyon and continued eight miles further to one of the tributaries of the Snake river. Here was found two young colts, two mules, and other colts further down the stream, all of which had been abandoned by the Indians in their hasty flight. These mules in possession of the Indians had probably been stolen from some emigrant company, for they were not of the Bridger stock.

Seventh day:—That portion of the command under Captain Smith continued following the trail of the Indians, which led over the divide on a chain of mountains from which issue the head waters of Green river, Wind river and Snake river, the Wind river flowing to the east from this divide, and the Snake river to the west. The trail of the Indians turned westward, following the tributaries of the Snake river. On the 24th day of July, the trail led us through an elevated mountain valley with altitude, supposed, between seven and eight thousand feet above sea level, and through a dense forest of beautiful pine timber, reminding us of the celebration of this glorious pioneer anniversary day, in years gone by, at the headwaters of Big Cottonwood canyon. From here the march was continued, the course of the Snake river being followed which became larger and larger as we struck the lower mesas and valleys of the Teton range. No halt was made, however, in this beautiful glade of timber, as we were led to believe, from the signs on the trail, that we were getting closer to the Indians who seemed to be crowding their band of stolen horses to the limit. They no doubt realized that we were gaining upon them. At this stage of our march our provisions were nearly exhausted, and the company was placed on less than half rations, but yet we pressed on regardless of the pangs of hunger that were beginning to be felt, for we were in hopes of overtaking and capturing the Indians before they reached the crossing at the big Snake river. On the 25th day of July, we struck the main canyon of the Snake river, continuing on the trail leading us in a westerly direction over the steep ledges and rocks hundreds

of feet above the whirling torrent, where one misstep of a horse would have sent the rider and horse into the foaming river a thousand feet below. Here the trail showed more evidences of other thefts by the Indians. Tracks of American horses, mules and cattle were clearly indicated. Yesterday, in passing through the beautiful glade of timber, reminding us of the 24th of July celebration, we found cut in the bark of a tree the name of J. Hardman, supposed to be one of the Lewis and Clark expedition. The date of his passing on this trail was July 11, 1833. Some of the comrades expressed much satisfaction on beholding the signs of white men who had preceded the command over this wild mountain trail more than thirty years before.

We emerged from the mouth of this wild gorge where the river turns abruptly to the north, while the expedition maintained its course in a westerly direction, through beautiful glades of timber and meadow valleys in one of which was found ripe strawberries. Here, in this beautiful little glade, the Indians had taken advantage of their opportunity, and had widely scattered their band of stolen horses, in order to confuse and throw their pursurers off the trail.

On entering this valley, a halt was made, and while the horses hastily nipped a few bites of the luxuriant grass the troopers dismounted and ate the strawberries. Too soon the orders came to mount and march, and then, after searching for more than an hour, the trail was again discovered and the march was continued to the east bank of the great south fork of the Snake river, into which the trail of the Indians was found to enter. After some consideration by the commanding officer, the order was given for the volunteers to prepare to swim the river by removing their clothing and binding the same to the saddle with their belts, and then when thus prepared they began their struggle to cross this mountain torrent some two hundred yards in width.

In this the expedition had much difficulty. The Indian trail led over a bar formed at the junction of three large streams now immensely swollen by the melting snows from the Tetons. Captain Smith led the way, the men following in single file, and after much difficulty he, with several others of the command, succeeded in landing on the west bank of the river. On looking back, those who had reached the shore safely saw that Donald McNichol's horse had become unmanageable, refusing to breast the current. He was swept down the stream several yards, McNichol apparently trying to guide him against the current, when suddenly it fell into a deep underflow and almost instantly disappeared. McNichol, however, was seen to come

to the surface and was swiftly carried with the current down the stream beyond all human aid. The captain and Sergeant Spencer ran down the bank of the stream to his assistance, but the current was so rapid that he was carried quicker than their utmost speed, and very soon went out of sight. Comrade McNichol was one of the best swimmers in the company, but having his clothes, boots, and six-shooter on his person, he was unable to battle successfully with the watery element and his comrades saw him swept out of sight by the swift torrent.

On arriving on the west bank of the stream the Adj. called the roll and found no answer to the names of Comrade McNichol, Lieutenant Knowlton, and Corporal Young, who were missing from the ranks. On inquiry it was learned that the two last mentioned missing comrades had not been seen since the scattering of the force in search of the Indian trail, in Strawberry valley, several hours earlier in the day. Captain Smith immediately called for volunteers to return on the trail in search for the missing men. Sergeant H. O. Spencer immediately responded, and stated that he was willing to return alone on the trail in search of the missing comrades if Sergeant Riter would loan him the use of his horse on which to recross the river. The reason for this request was apparent, in the fact that Comrade Riter's mount was a very fine, large sorrell mare, one of the largest and best in the command, and it was concluded that this animal would be able to face the rushing current of the stream with Sergeant Spencer on her back. Comrade Riter willingly accepted the proposition, and on this splendid animal Spencer succeeded in breasting the swift current and returning to the east bank of the stream, from whence he retraced the steps of the company toward the little valley in the timber, where the two lost comrades were last seen. After about four miles travel on the trail, he met them and gladly piloted them to the crossing of the river. The three following the same direction in crossing given by the captain to those who preceded them. They succeeded in making the west bank safely, and were warmly greeted and welcomed by their comrades. Sergeant Spencer was cautioned on starting back on the trail not to mention the drowning of Donald McNichol until the arrival of the two on the west bank with the rest of the command.

The Indians at this point could not be far in advance of the expedition, but there were not six horses fit to travel another day, at the same rate of speed, and the command being entirely without rations, it was concluded that unless the Indian trail should take a direction in which the expedition might

find means of subsistence, the pursuit would have to be abandoned.

On the 26th of July, at sunset, all but Donald McNichol had succeeded in crossing the Lewis Fork of Snake river, and after a small ration the boys retired for the night by spreading their blankets out in the open, for they had no tents, guards chosen and set, and a quiet night ensued. At 5 a. m. early on the 27th, camp called and on assembling a proposition was made to the men to decide what would be best: to still pursue the Indians to their stronghold and take chances in a rough and tumble fight with them, with men and horses fairly jaded with their long and furious chase, with firearms wet and rusty, or should we withdraw from the trail and follow the course of the river in quest of game. The latter course promising the best results was concluded upon. Mr. Hereford, who was more interested in the recovery of the stolen horses than any other, expressed himself as satisfied with the efforts already made, and said that Captain Smith and his men had done all that men could be required to do. As we had neither rations for men or horses, he advised that we leave the Indian trail and seek for food, and the most direct way back to civilization. Accordingly, we took our course westward, followed an old trail over the divide between Jackson Hole and the entrance into the Teton Basin.

A Prayer

Dispenser of all pleasant gifts,
Look Thou into my heart;
From all that's evil cleanse Thou me,
And aid me in my part.

Help me to love Thee, day by day,
With heart and soul and might;
In battle be my shield and stay,
That I may win the fight.

That I may love my neighbor, too,
In justice serve him right;
Help me to bear his heavy load,
To make his burden light.

A doer of Thy holy will,
A hearer of Thy call,
Be Thou my constant strength and help,
My Savior and my all.

Manaia, Taranaki, N. Z.

Arthur W. Gudmundson

The Lake

By M. F. Merrill

The wind harped an ancient melody among the quivering pine and fir boughs, while the lake nestling among the high mountains dimpled and coquetted with the warm August sun. The tiny waves danced merrily toward the shore, swishing among the pebbles of the beach, a wonderful beach, as multi-hued as a rainbow, for among the soft blues and grays of the ordinary pebbles jutted the brilliant red and yellow carnelias like tiny tongues of fire. A gray pall of smoke was creeping over the mountains, down toward the lake; for the dreaded forest fires were raging once again in the Sierras.

Where the huge trees lifted their proud heads, to gaze forever on the stars, stood a large log cabin. Morning glory and honeysuckle vines rioted over the walls and the tangled tendrils entwined lovingly over the front door. Cats, puppies and chickens slept blissfully together in the dooryard.

Two children stood on the rocky shore where a rude wharf extended out into the water, the boy, a sturdy urchin of fourteen, watching the heavy cloud of smoke as it drifted sullenly over the mountains, but the slender girl of twelve was gazing quietly at the ever-changing surface of the lake with tender eyes.

"Look at it, Claire," spoke the boy with a certain fierceness in his tone. "See, it eats up tree after tree just like some cruel dragon. It is creeping up more and more towards the mountains by the lake, and all the trees and our house will be burned, too."

"No, Roy," calmly answered the little girl, "the lake is our friend and will protect us from the wicked fire dragon."

"Just like a girl. All you think of is the lake, and the trees and forests that are burning up don't worry you a bit. I hate it; I hate fire, and I wish Daddy would let me help them fight it."

"There comes the service launch," answered Claire, "perhaps Daddy will be on board."

The two children watched the *Gray Goose*, the United States Forest Service launch, as it approached from the main station far across the lake. The boy restlessly paced the beach, but the girl, whose eyes were as deep and blue and fathomless as the

waters of the lake itself, stood gazing at the glittering wavelets.

The old mountaineers who loved the lake with an unspeakable devotion were wont to say that Claire's eyes changed with every mood of the sparkling waters. When the lake was golden with the morning sun, in Claire's eyes danced shafts of golden light; if the lake lay gray and brooding underneath the dull November sky, the child's eyes were gray and brooding, too; if the waters were calm and still or lashed into black fury by the winds, the girl's eyes reflected the serene blue of the reflected sky, or were dilated and black with repressed passion.

The children's father was a forest ranger and it was from him Claire had inherited her intense love for the mountain lake, on whose shores she had been born and her mother had died.

Hour after hour she sat gazing far into its mysterious depths and worshiping it every hour of the day, from the moment when the rising sun gilded the surface into a mass of molten gold until the tender moon sent it quivering in silver ripples. For several years she had loved it as one loves that which is wholly and supremely beautiful, a beloved friend and protector.

Then one summer a party of campers had spent part of their vacation near their cabin and had become very friendly with the ranger and his two children. The two young boys in the party played frequently with Roy and Claire and the two children were very fond of these new playmates. With much labor they had brought a canoe along and looked forward to spending many hours on the lake. The ranger, however, had warned them not to use it on a mountain lake.

"The thunder storms are sudden and fierce," he said, "we never know just what may happen within twenty minutes. The water becomes far too rough for a powerful launch and it would be certain death for anybody inexperienced in such matters to venture out."

The two boys were loth to forego their long premeditated plans, and after privately deciding that the ranger was "too darn finicky" secretly set out to explore the lake in the canoe.

An hour after their departure a thunder storm sprang up without a moment's warning, changing the gay, sparkling lake into a roaring demon. It was soon over, and the sun shone forth as if nothing had happened, when a white-faced woman tottered to the log cabin.

"Oh, Mr. Handy," she implored the ranger, "please find my boys. The canoe is gone, and no one has seen either Harold or Charles since this morning. If, after what you told us, they went out in that awful storm—!" She stopped horror-stricken and began to sob hysterically.

Leaving the frantic woman to the care of the old Indian maid, Mr. Handy had telephoned the main Forestry Office to send out the launch. When it arrived they set out to scour the lake, although these seasoned mountaineers felt that the search was hopeless. After three heart-breaking hours the launch returned towing the canoe which they had found floating overturned far out in the lake. Of the boys there was no trace, for the mountain lake never gives up its victims.

That night, Mr. Handy had found Claire gazing somber-eyed upon the placid waters.

"What is it, little daughter?"

"It's the lake, Daddy. You said the lake was our friend—that it would never hurt us, and now it has taken both Mrs. Raymond's boys. Oh, Daddy, it makes me afraid."

The ranger had then drawn the trembling child close in his arms.

"The lake will always befriend those who love her, little daughter, for those who love her never break her laws. It is only those who break her commandments that she punishes. Remember that, and do not fear our friend."

During the three years following her first tragedy, Claire gradually lost this fear and now as she stood on the wharf waiting with Roy for her beloved father, her gaze lingered lovingly upon the azure water.

As the *Gray Goose* docked, Mr. Handy, worn and grimy with several weeks' constant fire fighting, stepped ashore. He kissed his little daughter and turning to Roy said:

"Son, get on your old corduroys and be ready to go back with me in two hours. We are short of fighters and even a fourteen-year-old boy can help a lot."

"Hurrah!" shouted Roy. "You bet I'll be ready, Dad. Gee, Sis! won't I work. They'll want me to help again;" and away he dashed.

"Must I stay alone, Daddy?" said Claire.

"No, dear, Mrs. Forster, the supervisor's wife, will come over before dark to take you back to the station. I'd take you over with me now, but we are not going to stop but go straight across the lake. Are you afraid to stay alone until supper time?"

"No, Daddy. I love the lake and I'll sit on the shore and listen to the beautiful secrets she tells me."

"Very well, dear, you will never be lonely with the lake to talk to you. Some day, perhaps, she may reward your love with a beautiful gift. Who knows?"

The *Gray Goose* left in less than two hours, and Claire wandered down beside the bright shore.

Supper time came but with it no Mrs. Forster; darkness fell but still no shrill whistle broke the silence of the night, only the rustle of the wind in the trees and the ripple of the lake. Claire was not lonely, the lake crooned a lullaby as tenderly as could the mother who had slipped off into the Shadowy Valley so long ago. The little girl said her prayers, whispered good-night to her guardian lake, and was soon asleep.

Over the hills crept the cruel red glare, until the great flames turned the lake into an angry crimson, but Claire slept on. Suddenly the wind became stronger and the fire shrieked like a fiend from the infernal regions as one forest giant after another bowed under its scourge. The hills, back of the cabin, blazed fiercely and the choking smoke swirled thicker and thicker.

Claire awoke gasping for breath and, leaping out of bed, saw the cabin was nearly surrounded by flames. What could she do, alone and a mere child in the midst of this awful destruction? The only avenue of escape was the lake, but since the tragic death of the Raymond boys Claire had feared to venture in a rowboat or canoe alone! She looked at the hills, a blazing mass, the heat so intense that already she could feel her skin burn with its ferocity and the smoke so thick that she could scarcely breathe; she looked at the lake, cool, in spite of its crimson color on the surface, and hesitated no longer.

Seizing a towel and murmuring a frenzied little prayer, the child dashed to the wharf where her father's new boat was tied. Untying the rope Claire shoved out, crawling down in the boat, the damp towel over her face, while the boat drifted off into the darkness.

All through that night of terror she lay in the boat, trusting herself to the mercy of the friend she had loved and yet feared for so long.

Early in the morning, just as dawn was breaking, Claire heard the siren of the *Gray Goose*. The thick smoke prevented her seeing the launch, and the noise of its machinery drowned her cries.

A merciful Providence, however, guided the two boats near together, and soon Claire was clasped tightly within her father's arms.

"My dearest," said the man brokenly, "What merciful angel guided you away from the fire?"

"It was the lake, Daddy. I just got in the boat and the lake drifted the boat away from the shore right to you. The lake is my friend, and because I love her she saved me from the fire and let me live."

Poetry---Heard and Seen

By G. Milton Babcock

For many people, the poetry of words and lines and stanzas summons up, as if by magic, happy memories; it brings to them thrilling thoughts of the present, and the joy of living; and it inspires them with an eager longing for a future in which lofty aspirations may crystallize into deeds. But there are those who candidly admit that poetry does not move them. What is their fate? Are they doomed to pass through life without experiencing the joy that is the reward of those who appreciate the written poetry? No, indeed; for theirs is the poetry of life itself—poetry more real, vital and sublime than that which can be found on the printed page!

Who has not felt the thrill of the great awakening that comes to all nature in the springtime—the season in which the landscape bursts with green, new life; the songsters of the air and woodland mate and build their nests; the humming and droning things again are heard; the provident tillers of the soil feverishly plow the ground and plant; and the season in which, if we look sharp, we may see fond lovers wending their way to some trysting place?

Who has not thrilled at the beginning of a perfect summer's day, when the reassuring gray succeeds the somber blackness of night, only to give way, in turn, to the glorious pink and gold of sunrise? Beyond the city, the cock sounds his awakening call. And what a diversity of sounds greets the ears of the farmer as he steps forth into the morning air! Old Watch welcomes him with delighted barks and vigorous pawings; the chickens scramble about him and suggest, with excited clucks and calls, that he give them their breakfast—though they know full well that it is always the housewife who feeds them; gentle Bess moos softly as she approaches the barnyard; old Dobbin, the last reminder of the time when each household boasted a family horse, whinnies in anticipation of her grain, while from the pen nearby come the hectic grunts and squeals of the swine.

The chores done, the farmer and his family gather round the breakfast table, the ruddy faces of the younger children contrasting with the tanned countenances of the older ones. See, there is the mother with her babe! The proud father playfully

pinches the little cheek and boisterously proclaims: "He's the sweetest kid in seven counties!" And there is grandmother, dear old grandmother who, with her spicy, old-fashioned cookies and cakes, tempts the juvenile stomach—yes, and older stomachs, too!

How quickly vacation days pass, and the old bell calls once more: "Come-to-school! Come-to-school!" We hear coming from the farmer's house: "Mama, please tie my hair-ribbon? Mama, where's my cap?" Now come playmates, teachers, lessons, games, pranks, sweethearts and beaux. And when the lessons of the day are ended and the children are tucked safely in bed, gently over the hilltop rises the benevolent harvest-moon, beaming approvingly down upon the ripened grain, the shocks of corn, the fat pumpkins, and the barn bursting with hay.

Soon after Thanksgiving Day the sleeping earth is mantled with snow. Let us, for a moment, leave the evening fireside, with its rustle and leap of flames, to enjoy the hush and winter calmness of the hillside and glen. How the eternal stars twinkle in the purple vast of night! Hark! the sound of sleighbells and of merry laughter from the old turnpike road yonder—a party of young folks on their way to the dance. Listen! they are singing now. A flood of memories comes over us as we join in the chorus:

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!"

The song dies in the distance.

And we need not confine our search for the poetry of life to the country. There is poetry in the ceaseless pulsing of the city street, the cry of the newsboy, the gong of the street car, the chug of the automobile, the footfalls of the multitude that pass along the sidewalk, and in the wistfulness in the eyes of some poor little chap as he gazes at the wonders of toyland in a show window. There's poetry in the great cathedrals of worship, the towering skyscrapers, the factories, the humble abodes of the poor and the magnificent homes of the well-to-do; in the toil of the workmen, in the courageous tasks of the guardians of the law, and in the heroism of the city's firemen. What poetry the postman sees and hears as he delivers his missives into eager hands! And what joys of reunions and tragedies of partings are experienced at the great railroad stations!

I recall the time my family came to Tucson, some months after I had arrived. As the children alighted from the train, I hurried them out of the way in order to permit other passengers

to get off. Little Maud came last. She did not notice who was helping her, so I said, "Hello, Maud." She turned like a flash and said: "Why, mama, there's daddy!" at which several passengers nearby exclaimed and echoed the note of gladness in her voice. One man, who had felt the thrill of her greetings, said to me in a trembling voice: "This will be a happy reunion for you, won't it?"

So, my friends, I repeat: there is a poetry more real, vital and sublime than that which can be found on the printed page—the poetry of life itself. Blessed are they who enjoy the poetry found in books; but doubly blessed are they who love the poetry that is heard and seen; and oh, thrice blessed must they be who can appreciate both!

Binghamton Branch, Tucson, Arizona

To a Bluebird

All hail, sweet herald of spring!
 To earth and me
 What wealth of beauty thou dost bring,
 My heart leaps upward on the wing
 To follow thee.

A glint of sapphire flashing by
 And thou art gone.
 A bit of song and sun and sky
 Commingling to glorify
 The early dawn.

A ruddy sunbeam—one or two—
 From nature's heart.
 From out the sky a strip of blue,
 An echo and a drop of dew,
 And here thou art.

I wonder not that when you sing
 No heart is sad.
 The wonder is that you can bring
 So much with such a little thing
 To make us glad.

Another wonder born to rise
 Above the sod.
 Another voice that testifies
 That somewhere in the azure skies
 There is a God.

—*Theo E. Curtis.*

Life is What We Make It

By Thomas L. Martin, Ph. D., Dept. of Agriculture, Brigham Young University

II—Why Am I Happy?

Why am I happy? Why am I glad that I am alive? These thoughts come to my mind very often, and while in that analytical state some of the reasons force themselves to my attention.

Investigation in any of the fields of science is in reality a study of nature. As one becomes acquainted with the various problems now calling for a solution in this phase of man's endeavor he becomes impressed with the bigness of nature and the littleness of man. The spiritual phase of man's "make-up" is touched to a very high degree and he is led to declare how wonderful nature manipulates its affairs and how plainly visible is the divinity behind the field of action.

One example will make my point clear. I am impressed with the nature of the soil mass—that material which is thought by some to be inert, lifeless, uninviting matter.

"Fill a flower pot with soft, dark earth and mold from the border of the wood, and carry it to the student of entomology and see if he can name one half of the living forms of this little kingdom of life; or hand it to the botanist, well trained in the lower orders of plants, and see how many of the living forms which these few handfuls of dirt contain he can classify. Present this miniature farm to the chemist and physicist and let them puzzle over it. Call in the farmer; ask him what plants will thrive best in it; or keep the soil warm and moist for a time, and have the gardener say of the tiny plants that appear as if by magic, which are good and which are bad. Mark what all these experts have said. Call in the orchardist to tell you how to change dead, lifeless, despised earth into fruit; ask the physiologist to explain how sodden earth is transformed into nerve and brain."

Suppose we try to imagine what a cubic yard of soil would look like if it were enlarged to the size of a city block. Suppose we should stand off to one side and observe. We would notice the rocks and minerals out of which the soil is composed. We would see the various movements of the soil water;

the swelling and shrinking of the gelatinous covering of the soil particles; the gaseous interchanges which are constantly occurring; the rope-like roots that are interwoven about the various rock particles, the constant sluffing off of the old root-caps and the formation of the new ones. All such evidences of activity we would find are essential to the growth of the plants. We would notice that these roots have a great amount of company. Millions and millions of little bacteria, as many as nine hundred million to the pound of soil, follow in the paths of the roots. They remind one of a vast pack of wolves waiting to pounce upon their prey. They are hungry and must have bread and butter or starve. They are ready to grab at anything that looks like food. Just as soon as the root cap is sluffed off or the older root hairs cease to function, these organisms pounce upon this organic matter by the millions, devouring it and leaving in their wake a black, inert material and a large amount of gases useful for the various soil processes. If the root itself does not move as vigorously as it should; if it acts as if it is undecided where to go, or gives indications of suffocation because of a lack of air; or gets rather indifferent to its job for any cause whatsoever, the bacteria very quickly set up a city in that vicinity and start to work tearing the root to pieces, and feasting upon its contents. There must be health in the roots or the bacteria make short work of them. They are avaricious little fellows. It is interesting to observe them. They are divided into little armies. Organization is even more complete than the proverbial German army. The first group, or the advance guard, attack the pieces of organic matter and liberate many of the organic compounds. So much carbon dioxide develops during this process that they practically suffocate, weaken, migrate to other parts of the soil, or die. In a short while the carbon dioxide diffuses throughout the soil atmosphere. This leaves the region of the organic compounds fit for habitation. A new army of bacteria now marches to the conquest. They work upon the protein material, set free much ammonia, so much that this group finds it unpleasant and moves to new quarters. The presence of this ammonia becomes the signal for a third party and they hurry to the scene of the conflict. This group takes the ammonia and in forcing various chemical reactions, utilizes it and leaves in its stead some nitrite compounds. Immediately the power of smell or other stimuli causes the approach of a fourth group, and they, as if attracted by a magnet are quickly engaged in changing these nitrites into nitrates, the form of nitrogen, which are dissolved in the soil water, absorbed by the root hairs and utilized by the plant.

The way these little bacteria organize themselves for the

work is truly marvelous. Their activity, the adjustment of the gaseous environments, the changes in the soil solution, the colloidal or gluey material that is constantly being formed and destroyed as the needs of the plant dictate, are truly wonderful to observe. One is impressed with the idea that the plant factory works "just right." It is one of the most ideally regulated pieces of nature known to man. Any other adjustment would not do the job half so well.

What is the power behind all this order and system one must ask? It causes us to recall the experience of Job when Zophar reproved him for trying to justify himself for his righteous attitude in the midst of his afflictions. Zophar asked him, "Canst thou by searching find out God? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" But Job answered him and said, "But I have understanding as well as you. I am not inferior to you. * * * But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; or speak to the earth and it shall teach thee: * * * who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?"

A realization of all this makes one happy. It is one method of creating happiness to study nature and become impressed with the Divine power that is behind it all. A study of nature is one of the means of bringing to man an acquaintance with the Divine and a mental attitude that makes one feel that he is glad to be alive. Life is what we make it. It is up to us.

Provo, Utah

Worry Not

Worry not! Worry not!
 Don't you know that worry
 Is a glum sure to come
 When one's in a hurry?
 Take your time,
 Upward climb,
 Step by step keep going;
 Have no sorrow
 For tomorrow—
 Simply do your best!

Worry not! Worry not!
 Would you gain the guerdon,
 Pray for hope, bravely cope
 With your hardest burden:
 Yesterday
 Passed away;
 So will pass tomorrow:
 Never hurry
 Fret or flurry,—
 Simply do your best!

Joseph Longking Townsend

Irrigation and Soil

By J. E. Greaves, Chemist, Utah Agricultural Experiment Station

II—How much fertility is Irrigation Water Carrying From Your Soil?

Water is a universal solvent. It dissolves to varying extents everything with which it comes in contact. This is exemplified by the fact that pure water is a chemical curiosity found only in the chemical laboratory, and kept only by carefully planned and executed laboratory work. Hence, we can expect that the water applied to a soil will dissolve more or less of its constituents, depending upon the nature of the soil and the water applied. If only sufficient water is added to a soil to moisten or even saturate it, the subsequent evaporation of the water redeposits the constituents in the soil and nothing is lost. But when more water is added than the soil can hold, it passes through the soil and carries with it the plant food. The magnitude of this factor is exemplified by the enormous quantities of the various salts found in the waters of some lakes and oceans. These owe their origin to the water seeping through the soil, becoming laden with salts which are carried with the water to the lakes and ocean; when the water evaporates the salt remains, thus ever becoming more concentrated.

It is estimated that the rivers of North America carry to the ocean each year 474,000,000 tons of soluble constituents, which would be a quantity sufficient to cover one hundred acres to the depth of nearly three thousand feet. Although the greater part of this is common salt and other non-valuable agricultural compounds, yet there is an appreciable quantity of soil fertility carried in these waters as is witnessed by the 33.4 pounds of potassium, the 3.46 pounds of phosphorus, and the 22.8 pounds of nitrogen which, as an average, was found in two acre-feet of water from the stream of the intermountain region.

Carefully controlled experiments have been conducted at the Rothamsted Experimental Station, in England, where the yearly rainfall is about 30 inches, and the annual loss of nitrogen was found to be 35.5 pounds per acre. The work of the Utah Experiment Station, covering a period of ten years, indicates that large quantities of nitrogen are lost in the drainage water when excessive quantities, 25 inches and over, of irrigation water are applied to a soil during the season.

This loss of nitrogen results in a decreased yield, for the nitrogen is removed by the water as fast as rendered available in place of being taken up by the growing plant and built into valuable plant constituents. Moreover, for this same reason, the grain which is grown on such soil is lower in protein. Undoubtedly the great merits of the dry-farm wheat, as a bread-maker, is due, in a large measure, to the fact that the scanty rainfall is not sufficient to remove the soluble nitrogen from roots of the growing plants. There is still another factor, excessive quantities of water rapidly deplete a soil of its fertility, which viewed from the economic standpoint is no trifle for the thirty-five pounds of nitrogen removed by the drain waters from the Rothamsted Station would cost, at thirty cents a pound, \$10.50 per acre annually.

The remedy then is, first, in those districts where irrigation is practised, the quantity of water applied should be such that the drain water is at a minimum on the majority of soils. Most soils produce better crops with 16 inches of water than with more. Furthermore, small frequent applications are not nearly as likely to remove soil fertility as is the same quantity of water applied in large quantities.

Where the rainfall is such that there may be a loss of plant-food, the only practical method of reducing this loss is by the use of growing plants, the roots of which may absorb the plant-food about as rapidly as it is made available. If required, these may be returned to the soil when the plant-food will be rendered available as needed by the next growing crop. The use of rye, rape, or other green manures, seeded in the fall and plowed under the next spring on land that would otherwise be bare during fall, winter, and early spring, will not only conserve plant-food that would otherwise be lost but it will greatly increase the organic matter of the soil, and this usually improves its physical, chemical, and biological properties.

Logan, Utah

A Comparison

Dark the day when grim death beckons
To our precious ones below;
It seems past our understanding
That they are compelled to go.

Death compare then to the twilight
Ushering in the darkest night;
Dawn brings in a glorious morning,
Immortal heaven in sight.

Delta, Utah

H. L. Johnstone

Weary Willie

In the school of Dingle Valley,
Willie was a perfect dream,
With his big, black eyes of beauty,
And his cheeks of peachy cream;
With a form that ancient heroes
Would have worshipped as divine.
On his face the stars of beauty
Never ceased to glow and shine.

And the mind of handsome Willie
Had been cast in classic mould.
Others were as lead and silver
Are to forms of beaten gold.
Willie Hess could always do it—
When his highness deigned to try,
And—this made us green with envy—
He could tell the teacher why.

Willie had a strong aversion
For the baseness of the grind,
And the sight of stern coercion
Always shocked his noble mind;
Woe to him who tried to fetter
That which Willie said was free—
Rules and laws he burned to ashes,
In his fires of liberty.

But while nature made his body
In a form that seemed divine,
And bedecked his mind with flowers
That would grace a sacred shrine,
She could not without some effort
On the part of Willie dear,
Lead him to the heights of learning
That forever seemed so near.

One by one the verdant flowers
That adorned his brilliant mind,
Dropped the beauty of their petals
To the bleak and wailing wind.
One by one the charms of person
Yielded to the blight of crime,
Till there hung a shattered picture
In the frame that was sublime.

There he stands, a loathsome beggar,
Cursed with filth and foul disease,
He whose bed was made of roses
On a couch of lust and ease.
All his beauty crushed and withered
By the license of a lie,
Still he hugs his phantom freedom—
He can curse himself and die.

Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah

Alfred Osmond

When Space Talks and Sings

By Carl F. Eyring, Professor of Physics, Brigham Young University

Just recently I spent an evening at our Radio Station, 6APL, Physics Department, Brigham Young University. The "hearing" was splendid. The ether, the carrier of wireless waves, was teeming with messages. The wires that stretch out from the building—the antennae, were throbbing with electromagnetic waves. We wished to hear these messages, so we connected the antennae to the receiving apparatus. (See Figure I.) Selecting a combination of "honey comb" coil, and adjusting a condenser, we were able to hear a large station on the Atlantic coast sending its dots and dashes, a message in code, to a similar station in Germany. With smaller coils and a new adjustment of the condenser, a ship on the Pacific could be heard sending out its dots and dashes. A further adjustment revealed that a Naval Base was sending out a weather report to the ships at sea.

But all this had to be interpreted by a young man who knew the International Morse code. Was it not possible to hear spoken messages, the human voice in speech and in song? Yes, indeed, for with the movement of a few levers and a very careful adjustment of inductances and capacities, we were able to hear a man in Denver announce that he would broadcast into our "ether space" a musical selection played on a phonograph. In a moment the strains of a symphony orchestra rang out in the telephone receivers. We heard music almost as well rendered as if we had listened to a phonograph in our own home.

This was not all, later in the evening two California stations began with a concert. Their wavelengths were different, so we were able to hear one, then the other. In fact, it just happened that they were so timed in sending that with a slight change in the adjustment of the apparatus, we could hear the music from one while the other was changing records, and *vice versa*.

Then came the treat of the evening. The brilliant, sweet notes of Galli-Curci sounded in our ears. The reproduction lacked little of being as clear and perfect as if the record had been played in our Radio Room. Could it be possible that the phonograph was a thousand miles away? As I listened to this wonderful singer rendering such a beautiful song, I was led to ponder on the achievements of man. Through scientific research

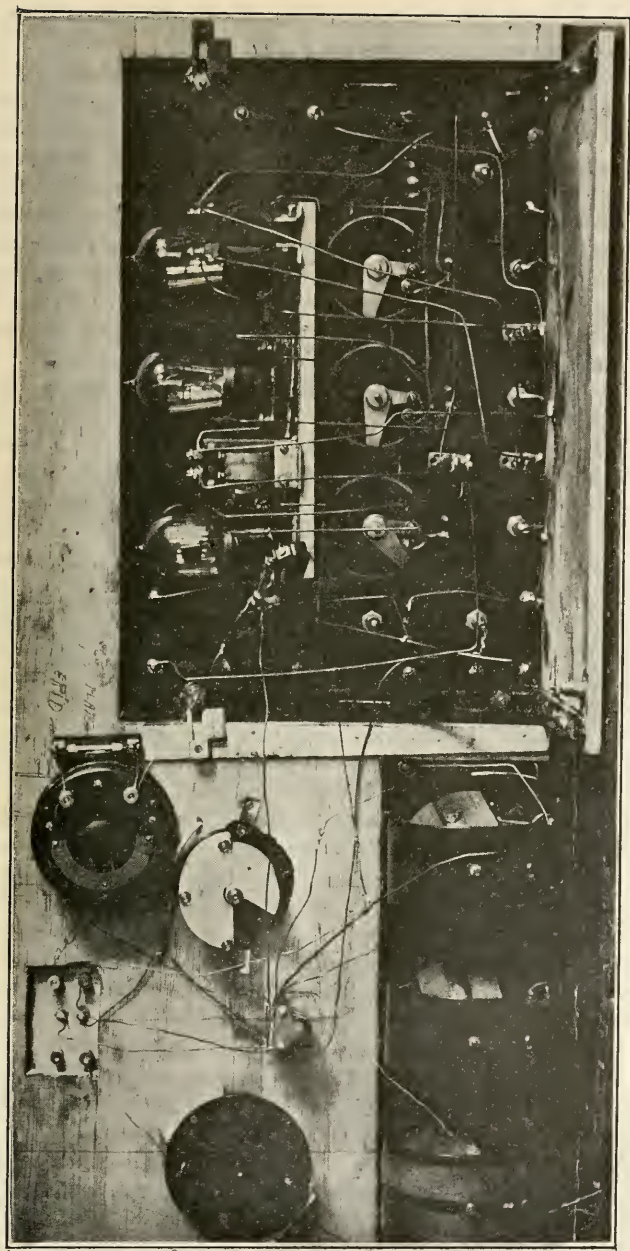


Figure 1. The back view of a radio receiving set which consists of a detector and a two stage amplifier. Three vacuum tubes may be seen in this photograph.

and inspiration from the Creator he has been able to produce, if not a miracle, at least the awe-inspiring!

Galli-Curci was not in California rendering the beautiful song. Her voice at some time in the past had made an imprint on a disc. From this disc was made a matrix and this in turn was used to make discs identical with the first. Into the town of Los Altos, California, such a record was shipped. The "voice" of a prima donna was sent by express, placed on shelves, sold over counters, carefully stored away in a cabinet, brought out and placed on the revolving table of a phonograph and, on this particular evening of the late winter of 1922, sent through a wireless telephone into "ether space" to be picked up by any radio instrument sufficiently sensitive and properly tuned.

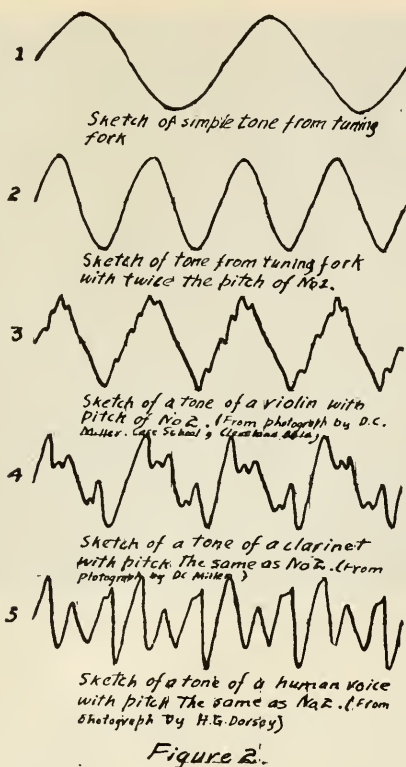
How can a dead, cold, hard rubber-like disc radiate life, melody and inspiration? Vibrating vocal cords, vibrating air, and vibrating ear drums make up the physical part of a song. A large number of vibrations per second means a high note, a small number, a low note. The quality of the note is determined by the wave form. (See Figure 2.) The vibrations cease with the song, the air makes no permanent record of the wave. But let the prima donna sing into an instrument (quite similar to the phonograph, consisting of a horn, diaphragm, and needle) that will preserve the tracks of the vibrations, and it will be possible to store the voice for future hearing. In 1877 Edison, the inventor of the phonograph, successfully recorded such tracks upon tin-foil. Today the wavy track is made on a wax disc. A matrix is then made, and finally from this is made a permanent and hard record, the one familiar to all.

Figure 3, a photograph made in our Physics Department, is a seven-times enlargement of a Victor record, "The Swallows," sung by Galli-Curci. The portion seen represents a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch square, near the center of the record. Notice the grooves through which the needle moves; there are about ninety of these to the inch. The groove labeled "S" marks the beginning of the high closing note which has a duration of five grooves. Careful study will reveal the wavy form of the path. A series of marks are placed on the photograph to enable one more easily to see the length of the undulations. As the needle moves forward .02 of an inch in one of these grooves it makes one vibration due to the wave in the track. On this part of the record the needle moves at a rate of about 28 inches per second, hence over 1400 vibrations will be made in a second and the note F sharp above high C will be heard. Notice that the lower grooves are perfectly smooth; this indicates that the song is finished.

These fundamental waves, and the slight variations in them

which cannot be seen and which give the characteristic Galli-Curci quality, were breathed into the "mother" record as the great singer poured out her soul in song. It is the faithful reproduction of the Galli-Curci quality that gives character and life to radiations from a dead record.

But the music we heard came from a record located a thousand miles away. How could this be? The undulations of the record groove caused the phonograph needle to vibrate. This vibration was transmitted to the reproducer diaphragm



and then with amplification to the air of the room. The diaphragm of the telephone transmitter picked up the waves and a pulsating electric current, bearing the characteristics of the initial vibrations, was produced in the telephone circuit. This current, on being amplified by a vacuum tube, fed into the sending apparatus and modulated high frequency oscillations produced by a second vacuum tube. Electrical oscillations bearing the qualities of the sound vibrations were induced in the

sending antenna. From these wires energy in the form of ether waves carrying the characteristics of the sound, was radiated. These waves, traveling with the velocity of light, reached us in less than one two-hundredth of a second. In the same second that the phonograph needle in Los Altos responded to a wave in a record groove, the ear drum of a radio devotee in Provo picked up the vibration.

Although the world's beloved tenor, Enrico Caruso, is dead, into many a star light night the strains of such a song as, "O sole

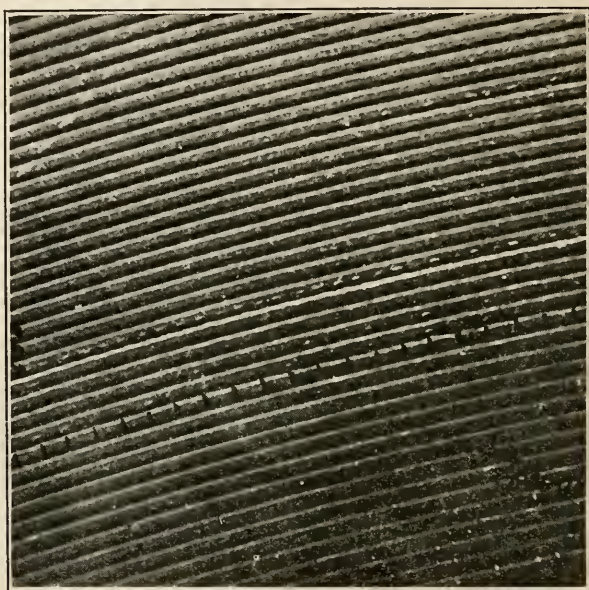


Figure III. A seven-times enlargement of a one-half inch square of a Victor record, "The Swallows", sung by Galli-Curci.

mio" go out as radiations into "ether space." Throughout the country this music, now ether waves, meets antenna wires stretched into the sky. Electrons that abide there are induced to take up the strains. These feeble vibrations are detected and amplified by vacuum tubes, and rhythmic surges of electricity pass back and forth in the telephone receivers of radio devotees who are enchanted with the music they hear.

In this day of radio, man has literally impregnated "ether space" with the buzzing of dots and dashes, the chatter of the human voice, and strains of music. The master hand of science reaches into this apparent confusion of ether waves and picks out the series of waves desired—a weather report, a ser-

mon by a noted preacher, or the song of a beautiful singer. Our "ether space" is a veritable fountain into which liquids of all sorts may be fed and at which the prepared may quaff a favorite drink. This is indeed the miracle of the age!

Provo, Utah

A Warning and a Testimony

By Alonzo H. Huntsman

There are people who claim to be servants of the Lord; yet, they are sometimes ready to trample their fellow-men under their feet. Such are servants of the evil one.

We see some people go to church on Sundays and make impressive speeches, but on week days they try to "beat" their fellow-men. These are the ones of whom the Lord says that they draw near unto me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me. Then again, we see people who have money stored away in the banks and plenty of property around them, and that claim to be the followers of the Lord, but if any one in need goes to them for a helping hand, they will say, "I can not afford it." They are the ones of whom the Lord says they will hardly enter the kingdom of heaven, because their hearts are where their treasures are; also, because they think more of their riches than they do of those in need.

* * *

My testimony is that the gospel is as true today as it was when Jesus Christ was on earth. I desire to say, as Paul said, that I love the gospel of Christ because it is the power of God unto salvation, and by no other means can the soul of man be saved. I know that we, the Latter-day Saints, have the only true gospel—the same that Jesus taught while here on earth.

If we do not have a love for one another, how can we have faith in one another? Or, if we do not love one another, how can we love and have faith in the Lord? Love is greater than faith, and without faith in him it is impossible to please him. We must have love before we can have faith, therefore, I say, love is as important as faith. If human beings do not have love how can they ever expect the lamb to love the lion, so that they will by night lie down in peace together? Nations must love each other before they will quit making war upon each other. We, as Latter-day Saints, ought to set the example by having greater love for one another. I say this because some serious evils are growing among us. Some think they are better than others, who are less fortunate in having this world's goods. Why not treat one another as brothers and sisters?

Pleasant Grove, Utah

Christian Education

By Dr. F. S. Harris, President of the Brigham Young University

The statement is sometimes made by the misinformed that education is a bad thing because it tends to make people less religious. Educators are accused of not having the religious welfare of the young people at heart, because religious instruction is excluded from the public schools. My association with educators leads me to believe that as a class they do recognize the great value of religious training, but they are not at liberty to teach specific forms of religious belief in schools that are supported by the public made up of people having numerous types of worship.

They realize that religious instruction would be a good thing in giving the child a complete and well balanced education, but no way has yet been devised by which this instruction can be given without causing a conflict with beliefs of some of the parents. As a result, religious training is eliminated from all public institutions.

Since this condition exists, parents are under obligations to make up this deficiency by seeing that their children receive the needed spiritual enlightenment in some other way. The matter cannot in fairness to their children be dismissed by saying that the subject is not important, or it would be taught in schools.

The following extracts from letters written by prominent university and college presidents to the council of Church Boards of Education show the regard in which these educators hold religious training:

There is in every University, whether State or sectarian, a place for the vital and fundamental elements of religion, and we at the State Universities, particularly, welcome the efforts being made by religious organizations and agencies to unite upon an essential religious program in the Universities and elsewhere. I venture to say that it is due most of all to the conflicts of the sects that Universities, and particularly the State Universities, have appeared in many instances to be neutral in the matter of religion.

George Norlin, President.

University of Colorado.

February 15, 1921.

There is no complete education without religion. Since education, up to a certain point, at any rate, is primarily the development of character, and since character is, after all, the training in moral standards, and since training in moral standards depends upon religious belief, it

follows that religious training is a necessary part of a complete education.

David Kinley, President.

University of Illinois.

March 10, 1921.

Nothing is of greater concern to administrative officers and faculty of the University of Iowa than providing wholesome religious and moral atmosphere which may influence the young men and young women of Iowa.

Walter A. Jessup, President.

The State University of Iowa.

May 10, 1921.

I regard religion as a vital part of the students' attitude toward life. It therefore receives every encouragement at the University of Kentucky.

Frank L. McVey, President.

University of Kentucky.

May 9, 1921.

No social or moral problem can ever be solved rightly without the aid of religion. The great majority of the men and women by whom such problems must be solved are educated in colleges and universities. Hence the religious training of college students is of vast importance, and any judicious movement to encourage and promote religion among college or university students should receive the hearty support of every college or university president.

Thos. D. Boyd, President.

Louisiana State University.

May 6, 1921.

I believe that the greatest need of the world today is a sincere religious revival. Most certainly, then, I feel that in the University life of this country a greater interest in religion and a more reverent attitude toward sacred things are fundamental needs. The great church organizations can surely do no greater work than to unite in an effort to meet these great needs in our colleges and universities. I am sure that the authorities in all institutions of higher learning will welcome the cooperation and help of the religious bodies.

Robert J. Alley, President.

University of Maine.

May 9, 1921.

I do not believe that any man is educated until he has developed and perfected, as far as possible, the powers of his body, mind and spirit. The three make up the man and if any one of them is neglected the man is to that extent deficient. The greatest of these is the personality within, which controls and directs the other agencies of life. The problem of bringing proper religious training into the life of the student is frequently a difficult one on account of sectarianism, but I believe there is developing a broader spirit in this respect, and an effort is being made to bring the young men of the University into touch with the denominations of their choice through the agency of student pastors. We have that system here.

A. F. Woods, President.

University of Maryland.

May 13, 1921.

I think that every effort should be made in our colleges and universities to encourage and to develop the religious motive in the lives of individual students, and to give them such opportunities for instruction as shall furnish them with both the material and the incentive for leadership in solving the many economic political and social problems of democracy.

The college man should be a leader in the effort to Christianize the social order.

Kenyon L. Butterfield, President.

Massachusetts Agricultural College.

May 6, 1921.

I am greatly pleased to have a chance to express my feelings on this point. In the first place, unless we can get a religious background, I cannot see much value in education. It seems to me that an educated man or woman without the Spirit of Christ is of little use to the state. On the other hand, it is impossible for those of us in the state universities to very actively develop the religious instruction beyond encouraging and promoting the work of the Y. W. and the Y. M. C. A. It is undoubtedly an obligation of the church and of the churches working together to try to meet this problem.

R. M. Hughes, President.

Miami University.

It is often said that the chief function of a University is the training of the intellect; that is true; but it is also true that mental development is not the greatest thing for which young men and women go to the Universities. They go to prepare for life work; and in this, character building is more important than mental discipline.

Albert W. Smith, President.

Cornell University.

May 12, 1921.

In every epoch of the world's history and especially at present when crime is so rampant and when world conditions are so chaotic, it is incumbent upon the Christians of every denomination to do everything in their power to inculcate sound principles of Christian morality in all of our colleges for the college men and women of today will be the leaders of the future and will mold the opinions of the coming generation.

W. S. Currell, President.

University of South Carolina.

May 10, 1921.

Knowledge may be power, but it is not always nor necessarily righteousness, and even more than a nation well-informed and mentally alert, do we need strength of character and righteous conduct. I do not believe that this can be secured without the help of religion and we should, therefore, set ourselves earnestly to work out a means of preserving religious freedom while building national life upon the foundation of religious truth.

Robert E. Linson, President.

The University of Texas.

These statements are typical of the ideas of most of the prominent educators of the country. They see very clearly that young people need instruction in religious matters, and they regret that this instruction cannot be given in public schools.

Parents must face this problem squarely and should see to it that this important phase in the development of their children is not neglected. They should be prepared to give a portion of their time in helping to make up this deficiency. Otherwise the religious training of the rising generation is likely to be neglected.

Provo, Utah

Mother

"There is no Christian country in which we can deny the influence which a mother exerts over her children. The roughest and hardest wanderer, while he is tossed on the ocean, or while he scorches on the desert sands, recurs in his loneliness and suffering to the smiles which his mother shed over him in his infancy.

"Mother is the angel spirit of the home. Her tender yearnings over the cradle of her infant babe; her guardian care of the child and youth; and her bosom companionship with the man of her love and choice, make her the personal center of the interests, the hope and happiness of the home. Her love glows in her sympathies and reigns in all her thoughts and deeds. It never cools or tires, never dreads, never sleeps, but ever glows and burns with increasing ardor upon the altar of home devotion. And even when she is gone to her last rest, the sainted Mother in heaven often sways a mightier influence over her wayward husband or child than when she was present. Her departed spirit still hovers over his affections, overshadows his path, and draws him by unseen hands towards herself in heaven."

Dear Mother mine,
Oft in my waking hours I think of thee;
And e'en when sleep o'ercomes, thy face I see.
In mem'ry sweet thy form I still behold,
The voice all tender still will ne'er grow old,
Oh, Mother mine.

Sainted Mother,
Often again thy tender voice I hear,
As when, in childhood, real or fancied fear
Had gripped my heart; then came assurance calm,
Each word well chosen with its healing balm,
Fears to smother.

My Mother dear,
Still thy reproving tones again I hear,
As when each childhood folly seemed so near
To strew my path; then in thy kindly way,
Thy words would strengthen for another day,
Reprove and cheer.

And more than all,
Again I hear thy blessings on my head,
As when beside thy knee my prayers were said,
Or as I slept thy heart would ever pray,
For help to guide my feet in wisdom's way,
Lest sin enthrall.

Angel Mother,
Now thou art gone; thy face no more I see,
And yet I feel thou still dost cherish me;
When life is o'er, still may each prayer divine,
With blest assuring cheer my thoughts incline,
Mother, to thee.

Careers

Said Elizabeth Ann right gaily:
"I'm going to study art,
And all through the coming ages
I'll play a leading part."

Said Mary Louise quite proudly:
"A sculptor grand I'll be,
I'll study in France and England,
And even in Germany."

Said Margaret Mae, with a sweeping bow,
"I'll be a movie queen,
I'll thrill the hearts of an audience
As none that was ever seen."

"I am for music," said Georgia,
"My life shall be given to song;
I'll fill the hearts of the weary
As they miserably plod along."

Then up spoke little Priscilla;
"What splendid ambitions are these,
Mine are certainly simple
Just listen to them, please:

"I want to be just like mother
Who works long hours each day,
Who never 'seeks' employment
And never asks for pay.

"I want to know how to wash, and sew,
And cook three meals a day,
To care for a little helpless babe
And kiss his tears away.

"I know the world needs music,
I know the world needs art,
But the grandest of these will ever be found
Deep in the Mother-Heart."

Shelley, Idaho

Agnes Just Reid

Mothers

Happy young mothers who kiss and caress
Your babes with a love that no others can know,
And dream of their futures and slave for and bless
With sainted affection no others can show;
Because you have suffered as all mothers do,
And face the stern struggles all mothers must face,
With sorrows and worries and trials to go through,
We hail you, exalted to motherhood's place.

Tired, care-worn mothers who patiently strive
For families of children, dependent and small,
And sacrifice all that your darlings may thrive,
Obedient servants to each childish call;
Since through loving kindness you guide and inspire
The men of tomorrow to give us their best,
And live but for them, without selfish desire,
We greet you as heroines, honored and blest.

Middle-aged mothers whose hearts beat with pride
At wonderful changes in daughters and sons;
And gaze at the beauty and youth at your side,
And marvel at what all your struggles have done;
May years still before you give comfort and peace,
And each child's success be a triumph for you,
May those whom you reared make your glory increase
By honors they show and the course they pursue.

Happy old mothers whose lives are made bright
By loved ones, so thankful and thoughtful and kind,
That giving you joy is their greatest delight,
And doing you honor upmost in their mind;
But try as they may they can never repay
The great debt they owe for your service and love,
May laughter and sunshine make happy your way,
Till just reward comes in the mansion above.

Lonesome old mothers, all wrinkled and worn
By struggles of life, with its flame burning low,
Whose wasted old forms tell of great burdens borne,
In care-laden ways you were called on to go;
Though you are forgotten by those who should care,
And heedless the multitude passes along,
A God dwells in heaven who sees everywhere,
And we praise and cheer you with this little song.

Broken old mothers, in torture of soul
At shame of a daughter or son in disgrace,
But loving them still with a love past control,
In spite of the scoffs and the scorn you must face;
Inasmuch as love conquers both pride and shame,
And shines until no sin can tarnish its glow,
The conduct of offspring cannot harm your name;
We greet you with all the dear mothers we know.

Lone, weeping mothers who know the sad day
 When flesh of your flesh slumbers silent and cold,
 And angels escort the loved spirit away,
 While you fight the battle of anguish untold;
 Because you have poured out your hard grief in tears,
 And conquered and hopefully face life anew,
 With holier love as you go through the years,
 We offer this tribute in honor of you.

Mothers in heaven whose pure love descends
 Like God's choicest blessings to comfort and guide
 The foot steps of loved ones who lost their best friends,
 When, worn for their welfare, you suffered and died;
 As beautiful Angels who lighten each care,
 We picture you high in the heavenly throng,
 Awaiting to greet us and welcome us there;
 In your sacred memory sing we this song.

Angelic mothers from everywhere,
 Whatever the station and fortune you claim,
 Be famed or unknown, full of joy or despair,
 All mothers are darlings, to honor the same;
 And no other title can mortal one bear
 So sacred, so precious, and worthy of fame,
 Or earned by more struggle and prayer and care;
 All honor to Mother, and hallowed the name.

McCammon, Idaho

A. Ira Cox

Reverie

Sitting by my open window,
 At the close of weary day,
 There I watch the changing shadows
 Stealing o'er the darkening bay;
 And my heart with restless longings,
 Eyes grown dim with falling tears,
 Joy doth find in contemplation,
 Peace, in silent thought and prayers.

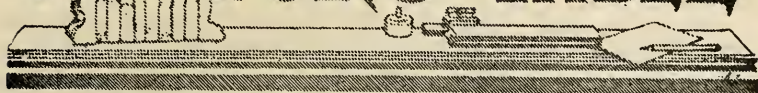
At this hour of wondrous twilight,
 When the shadows dimly fall,
 Toils of day are all forgotten,
 Peace reigns sweetly over all;
 And I think of God's creation,
 Of His glorious gospel plan,
 Of the chance for sure salvation,
 Open wide to every man.

Rest thee, O my soul, in thinking:
 Do thy work from day to day,
 Work that is required by Father,
 Work that meets you on your way.
 Put aside those restless longings,
 Strive to reach the sought-for goal,
 God will add all needed blessings,
 That shall satisfy your soul.

Bristol, England

Hester Neal

EDITORS TABLE



The Ninety-Second Annual Conference

The 92nd general annual Conference of the Church, held in Salt Lake City, April 6, to 10, was among the most inspirational and valuable that has ever been held in the Church. On the first day the building was filled to capacity, and this was the case at all the meetings in the Tabernacle. Two crowded sessions were held on Sunday in the Assembly Hall, the weather being too stormy for an overflow meeting at the Bureau of Information.

The leading feature of the Conference was the opening address by President Heber J. Grant, who appeared to be at his very best in health, and vigor of thought. His address was replete with practical suggestions, counsel and advice.

The addresses of Presidents Penrose and Ivins, which followed, were of great interest and value, the former speaking on doctrines, and the latter on practical observance of law and order and the need of individual discipline and dependability.

All the general authorities of the Church were present, except Elder Reed Smoot, who was absent at his duties as United States Senator in Washington; and Elder Orson F. Whitney, presiding over the European mission. An unusual feature of the Conference was the presence, at the first meeting, of Dr. Thomas Nixon Carver, Harvard University, who had spoken the day before at the inaugural ceremony of Dr. George Thomas as president of the University of Utah; Dr. Walter Ernest Clark, president of the University of Nevada; and Dr. Charles A. Lory, president of the Colorado Agricultural College, each of whom made a short speech, following President Grant's opening address, each commended the good work of the Latter-day Saints.

Dr. Carver, among other remarks, stated: "Some things we can get out of books, but it seems to me that here is the one place in the world where we can see in operation, in the field itself, the processes going on under which a great nation is built. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' and in the small communities, as well as in the large, I have seen in operation the science and the art of community-building, and of nation-building; and everywhere it has my unbounded admiration."

Dr. Clark, in his remarks, said, "My impress from the hours I have had in your city is that this people are holding their souls

open, and the great Giver of life and power will answer their prayers."

Dr. Lory, said, "Those of us who are charged with the work of education and with the work of bringing forward our civilization cannot help but admire the work that you are doing. * * * We are privileged to work with the 'Mormon' settlers of southern and southwestern Colorado. We know their worth, and we always go to that section with a great deal of enthusiasm, because we know what is being done. * * * I count it a privilege to tell you that your people in Colorado are doing their part well. They are good neighbors."

The weather was pleasant on Thursday and Friday, but quite unfavorable, with snow and sleet during all day of Sunday, but this did not apparently affect the attendance.

Without doubt, the instructions that were given by the general authorities, some of whose sermons will appear in the *Era*, from time to time, met the approval of the vast congregation. The Spirit of the Lord was richly poured out, not only upon the speakers, but upon all who attended. The tone of the congregation bespoke growth and satisfaction, and a deep desire to serve God and keep his commandments.

A wonderful auxiliary feature of the Conference was the great gathering of the greatest auxiliary in the Church, the Sunday Schools, at the evening session on Sunday, April 9, when an inspiring group of representatives of the following countries and peoples were presented in a picturesque pageant, the representatives of these many nations being dressed in native costumes, and reciting in their own language the Articles of Faith: Shoshone Indians, descendants of the ancient Lamanites; England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Canada, Australia, South Africa, Hawaii, Palestine, France Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain, The Netherlands, Austria, Mexico, Armenia, and Japan. The pageant proved that ancient and modern prophecy has been fulfilled, and that the gospel had been preached to many nations, kindreds, tongues, and peoples in all the world. The whole was a fitting reception to General Superintendent David O. McKay, celebrating his recent return from a tour around the world on a visit to the nations, bringing with him messages from the various Latter-day Sunday Schools in the world to the headquarters in Zion.

Another feature of the Conference was the splendid musical production, the oratorio, "The Restoration," by B. Cecil Gates, given in the Tabernacle on Thursday evening, to a very large house, by the Tabernacle choir and directed by the author. The oratorio was well received and has in it some wonderful music. "The Restoration" was introduced by Elder Joseph Fielding

Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, who justly said that whatever the congregation was to hear that evening, would be of the very best that could be produced, and it was so.

The authorities were presented and unanimously approved, and the closing remarks of President Grant were replete with timely admonitions and powerful testimonies. An inspirational feature in addition to the two priesthood meetings, was the special meeting of the presidents of stakes and their counselors with the Presidency of the Church, the Council of the Twelve, and the First Council of Seventy, held on Monday, in which heart-to-heart talks were given to the stake authorities by the Presidency of the Church.

The great Conference was a real spiritual feast—greatly enjoyed by all who participated, and which will be felt for good in every division of the Church. Altogether, the 92nd annual Conference will long be remembered as the beginning of an important period pointing to greater spirituality and more earnest and determined work among the officers and members of the Church throughout the world.—A.

A Tempest in England

That anyone should have the power to mislead so many people, and that any intelligent person should be able to induce the press of a country to print what the English papers have recently circulated regarding the Latter-day Saints, seems incredible in these supposed-to-be enlightened times. One can only explain the matter by surmising that the English papers are trying to divert the mob spirit in that country from pernicious activities by directing their attention to the "Mormons." The *Millennial Star* has recently made mention of some of the campaign matter that the English press is circulating, and to which many of the ministers of the Church of England are giving pulpit aid. Recently the windows were smashed in the L. D. S. headquarters in London as a result of the scandalous press and pulpit emanations. This is supposed to be a strong argument, proving "beyond a shadow of a doubt that the 'Mormons' are guilty of all the crimes charged against them," exclaims President Orson F. Whitney in an editorial in the *Millennial Star*. The woman novel writer, Winifred Graham, who will be remembered as having visited Pennsylvania a year or two ago in this country, and palming off some of her sensations before the people of the United States, appears to be at the head of the campaign. The ministers and the press seem

to have joined her. Their great war cry is that the missionaries are luring British girls to Utah, "thousands and thousands of them," though the first case is yet to be reported to the patiently waiting Home Government Office.

As an evidence that the missionaries are luring British girls to Utah, the following sentence taken from our Articles of Faith is cited in one paper: "If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praise-worthy, we seek after these things." "These things," of course, are the British girls, according to the perverted ideas of the editor. A London pulpiteer, who claims to have lived many years in western America, deliberately uses language which is almost an incitement to murder. He says: "In Texas and Arizona it is not a crime to shoot a 'Mormon' missionary. Here, we give them protection."

In Utah, among the "Mormons" we have yet to learn of a "Mormon" missionary ever being shot in Texas or Arizona. On the contrary the Senator from Arizona months ago defended the "Mormons" in an unsolicited laudatory speech in the Senate of the United States, pointing out their virtues and splendid characteristics in a sincere and eloquent eulogy printed in the *Congressional Record*, and frequently reprinted. (See *Improvement Era*, Jan., 1920, pp. 196-213, for this and other speeches in full.) Thousands of "Mormons" who live in Arizona are highly esteemed by their non-"Mormon" neighbors, who, as pointed out by Elder Whitney, are actually helping them to build a "Mormon" temple at Mesa, one of the flourishing towns of that liberal and growing commonwealth. This same reverend gentleman dealt out from his London pulpit such criminal libels as this: "I have seen with my own eyes the blood-stained boulder at the back of Smith's house, freshly stained with the blood of rebellious girl converts." Here is another sample of the sensational stories of Winifred Graham, Miss Agnes C. Lister, the latest edition of the "Escaped Nun," and the awful tales told by she-wolves in Shepherd's clothing. A Rev. Cave-Browne-Cave is also suggesting murderous ideas which are servilly echoed by various papers in England. Here is such an echo:

The Mormon Menace

To the Editor, *Bath and Wills Chronicle*.

Sir—Almost daily one sees accounts of the activity of Mormon Missionaries right here in England. Mormonism is justly likened to a huge viper reaching after and encircling its victims, innocent young women and girls, in its poisonous and deadly embrace.

To curtail these activities why not, as in Arizona, declare "open season" on all Mormon Missionaries in these fair islands and shoot them on sight, instead of giving them police protection?

Yours for effective and world-wide action against this terrible menace,
A CANADIAN

The spirit of mobism which appears to be rampant in England, with these characters, joined by the press and reverend ministers, who seemingly have always fought the restored gospel truth, are very anxious to impress the populace with the idea that "Mormonism" is a very serious menace, and to this end, they are encouraging mobocracy. Elder Orson F. Whitney in the *Millennial Star* of March 2, says:

"And this tree of mobocracy will bear bitter fruit, if it be not uprooted, whether in Europe, America or elsewhere. Nations will go down before it, if it be permitted to flourish. It is of the Devil's planting, he who was a liar and a foe to law and order from the beginning. I repeat that it ought to be a crime, in law as it is in fact, for any person or combination of persons to start a religious persecution. And some day, when the world shall have advanced that far, such acts will be considered criminal, and will be punished accordingly. Meanwhile the mob spirit must be put down and kept down. Either this, or the destruction of all government, with the certainty that night follows day, is the decreed destiny of the nations."

Notwithstanding the wild storms of the press, the sensational lecturers and ministers, President Orson F. Whitney and his corps of missionaries are calm, persistent and unmoved in their righteous labors, and are finding the favor of the Lord and many unlooked-for opportunities among thinking people, to impress the people with the actual facts and the living truth concerning the Latter-day Saints, their faith and practices. The total membership of the Church in the British mission is 6,981, and during 1921, there were 243 baptisms. There are about 150 missionaries in the field.—A.

Where to Find Authority on Doctrine

A correspondent has written asking whether or not articles appearing in the *Improvement Era*, the *Liahona*, the *Young Ladies' Journal*, the *Relief Society Magazine*, and other publications of the Church, may be quoted as authority on doctrine; and wishes us to answer how far these publications may be quoted, and just to what extent they can be taken as authority. He cites, for example, an article by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith in the January number, 1916, of the *Improvement Era*, on the second death, entitled, "Is Man Immortal?"

Replying, we will say that all writings, sermons, instructions and admonitions by the authorities of the Church are to be taken as authority as far as they agree with the printed word of revelation, as contained in the standard books of the Church, namely, the *Bible*, the *Book of Mormon*, the *Doctrine and Cove-*

nants, and the *Pearl of Great Price*. Whatever any writer or speaker may express on doctrine should be considered as personal instructions, for which the person who speaks or writes is responsible, and not the Church. Such instruction may be, and is, of great advantage and benefit to those who may listen or read, in aiding them to come to conclusions and to understand the word of the Lord, but as far as its being taken as authority, no instruction may be so taken in the way of doctrine except it shall be in strict conformity with the revealed word of the Lord, and in harmony with the teachings of the living prophet of the Lord. We believe that the arguments set forth in the article referred to, "Is Man Immortal?" will stand this test.

This should be remembered: The Latter-day Saints believe in continuous revelation, and that the general authorities of the Church so designated and sustained, are in very deed prophets, seers and revelators to the people. Also that whatever, under authorized conditions, the leaders of the Church, in their appointed places and positions, expound unitedly to the community, is the word of the Lord to the Latter-day Saints; and, as is stated in the *Doctrine and Covenants*, "Whatsoever they shall speak when moved upon by the Holy Ghost shall be Scripture, shall be the will of the Lord, shall be the mind of the Lord, shall be the word of the Lord, shall be the voice of the Lord, and the power of God unto salvation." These instructions we may look for continuously, because we believe in continuous revelation, and it is just as much an obligation upon the Latter-day Saints to conform to the instructions of the living oracles, as it is to believe and practice the principles of life and salvation, as explained in the standard works of the Church, the *Bible*, the *Book of Mormon*, the *Doctrine and Covenants*, and the *Pearl of Great Price*. All officers are subject to and should act in unison with the prophet, who, in turn, is subject to the inspiration and revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ.—A.

Messages from the Missions

The elders and local priesthood of the Tongan Mission at the time of the visit of Elder David O. McKay. June 22—July 4, 1921.

Front Row: Clermont A. Oborn, Harvey G. Sorenson, Reuben L. Hansen, George W. Robinson, Clarence Henderson, Walter J. Phillips, Reuben Clark, Reuben M. Wiberg, Lewis B. Parkin, Emile C. Dunn, Pres. Tagatabu conference; S. Ibey May, Pres. Vavau conference; Francis L. Clark, Pres. Haapai conference.

2nd Row: Afemui, Nafetalai, Efalame Wolfgramme, Tevita Tuliakiono, Josifa Naeata, Jone Tuikologahau, Elder David O McKay; M. Vernon



Local Priesthood and Elders of the Tongan Mission

Coombs, mission president; Paula Filipo, Metui Tuaone, Kitione Maile, Pauliasi Fua, Umu Buaka.

3rd Row: Viliane Tupou, Mafi Maake, Paula Lagi, Sunia Pasi, Vili Tuiono, Talanoa, Jiosifa Falepapalagi, Manisela, Simote Fusitua, Jone Ika.

4th Row: Jone Tuita Ba, with President Coombs' younger son Melburn, Paula Mslapo, Samuela Uga, Fetuu Aho, Malakai Lavulo Jr., Isikeli Tuione, Bitā, Nebote Falepapalagi, Simote Lagi, Jone Ma'u, Fifita Maumau, Taufa Hema, Lui Wolfgramme, Isileli Fehoko, Militone Fonua.

Top Row: Lolohea Bubugatea, Tevita Fauese, Sovea Kioa Ilaija Mautofu.

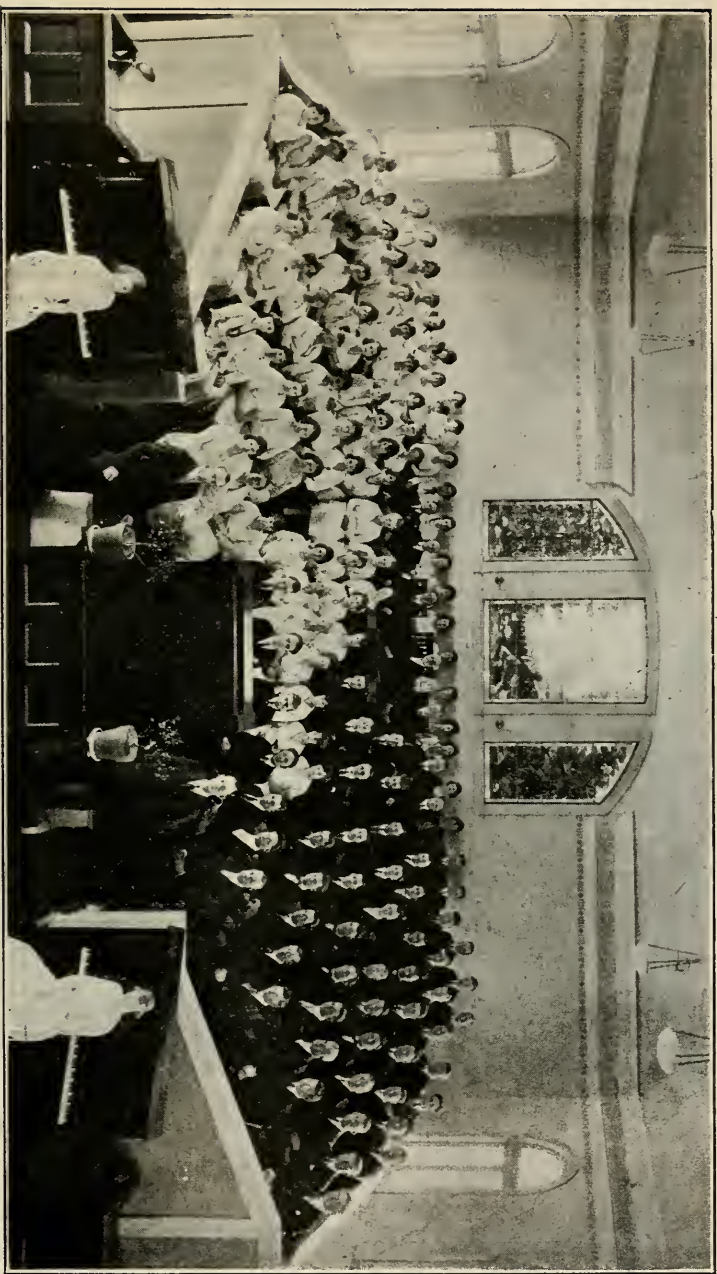
The Saints and priesthood were all desirous of being present on this memorable occasion. Mothers with four months old babes thought nothing of making the trip from Vavau to Togatabu, a distance of nearly 200 miles, in small open sail boats. They were ready to put up with any inconvenience; their one object was to hear and shake by the hand an apostle of the Lord. We could scarcely blame some of the priesthood for complaining when they were asked to remain in their branches to care for those who were unable to make the trip to Nukualofa. Hence, the above photograph does not show all our native priesthood. At the end of the fiscal year 1921, we had 65 brethren so honored; of these five are elders. Since the picture was taken, Elders May and Clark have returned to Zion and their positions are now ably filled by Elders Wiberg and Oborn respectively. We are also glad to report the arrival of Elders Althan Rasmussen and Oliver W. Olsen. All missionaries who have labored in the Tongan mission will regret to learn of the death of one of our most ambitious native brethren, Jone Tuikologahau who passed away on the morning of January 11, 1922. Jone was one of the first of Tongans to accept the gospel and ever since his baptism he has been an energetic worker. He has filled three missions in the various islands of the Tongan Group, and was held in high esteem wherever he had labored. A college graduate, and a musician of no mean ability, his departure will be mourned by all. Perhaps no other native has done more in helping the new elders than has Brother Tuikologahau.—*M. Vernon Coombs*, Mission President.

California "Mormon" Choir Presents "The Martyrs"

Gains Prominence by Singing Before 6,000 People

Six thousand people were entertained by the Southern California "Mormon" choir, Sunday, March 12, in Long Beach. Every seat in the immense auditorium was filled, and over a thousand people stood in the isles and back of the balcony seats. The choir of 135 voices, under direction of Wm. C. Salt, rendered the sacred cantata by Evan Stephens, "The Martyrs". The singers were picked from the Los Angeles, Ocean Park, and Long Beach branch choirs. President Joseph W. McMurrin offered the opening prayer, after which the choir sang "True to the Faith"; then Pres. Axel A. Madsen, of the Los Angeles conference was introduced to give a preview to "The Martyrs". He gave a masterly address upon the life and labors of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, in commemoration of whose testimony, sealed with their blood, the cantata was about to be given. When the name of the Prophet Joseph Smith was first mentioned a hiss from various parts of the building was the only response, but before President Madsen had finished, it had changed to applause. Three thousand pamphlets, *The Prophet's Own Story* were distributed.

The ladies in the choir were dressed in white and the men in dark, everything was expectantly quiet when they arose to sing, and good attention was given throughout. Rounds of applause showed that the audi-



Southern California "Mormon" Choir, at Long Beach, California

ence were appreciative of the excellence of the production. Mrs. Vira Hirst Fitches, and Miss Kate Robison, were at the pianos, and Miss Louise Smith was at the organ, Robert Siddoway, of Santa Ana, formerly of Salt Lake, and Elder Valoran Russel were the soloists.

President Heber J. Grant was present for the rendition, and after it was finished he spoke briefly thanking those who had made the use of the city auditorium possible and expressed his pleasure that such a large audience were present. Last year the choir, though less than 100 voices, sang "The Vision" in the same auditorium. About 3,000 appreciative listeners were in attendance and the remembrance brought them back this year, and their friends accompanied them. The quality at that time was responsible for the invitation to sing again in the building. Other invitations to reproduce either "The Vision" or "The Martyrs" have been received from Ocean Park and San Diego, one to be given in the Ocean Park Auditorium and the other in the Balboa Park open air theatre, accompanied by the largest open air organ in the world.—*Rulon H. Cheney.*

Many Copies of Book of Mormon Distributed

Conference President Clayton Y. Nelson, of the middle Tennessee conference, writes under date of March 17: "These elders have labored in Nashville and in the country districts during the past winter. Through integrity and faithful efforts, many homes have been opened and many friends made, resulting in the distributing of many *Books of Mormon* and other Church literature."



Elders left to right, Z. Evans, Peter Gurr, G. M. Nielson, R. A. Hall; front: Charles Morrison, M. D. Hayes, C. O. Anderson, George D. Mason.

Dr. James E. Talmage in Massachusetts

Leland B. Anderson, writing from Lynn, Massachusetts, under date of March 16, reports that the elders and Saints at that place enjoyed some very spirited meetings on Sunday and Monday, March 12 and 13. Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve, was the principal speaker. Two meetings were held on Sunday, and in the evening Elder Talmage addressed the "New Thought" congregation in Boston. He gave them a

splendid talk, which was discussed by the congregation afterwards. Several of the members, however, did not accept the Bible, and one was an Atheist. On Monday we held a six-hour priesthood meeting, at which we received some valuable information from Dr. Talmage and President George W. McCune; and in the evening, held a meeting in Lynn, at which President McCune and Elder Talmage spoke. A number of changes have been made in the missionaries. President Webster, who has labored in the field now for thirty months, was released, and Franklin D. Richards was appointed to take his place. The missionaries have been moved from Salem, so that Brother Keyte and myself will look after the two branches instead of the one in Lynn, holding meetings in each town every Sunday. The weather here now is fine, and it is making it possible for us to hold quite a number of street meetings.



Elders, Left to right: L. B. Anderson, Salt Lake City; E. Eldridge, Woods Cross; P. O. Otterson, Lehi; President L. G. Webster, Kaysville; F. Gile, Plain City; F. C. Keyte, Provo.

"The work is progressing satisfactorily here. We are holding many well-attended and successful cottage and open air meetings. Our friends and investigators show great interest in the gospel message, and we expect added membership this season. The *Era* is greatly appreciated by its many readers, Saints, friends and missionaries; and through its influence much good is being accomplished in the mission field."

South African Mission News

The South African Mission is now sending elders into fields that have been without "emissaries" from Zion for several years. President J. Wyley Sessions, Elder John R. Howard, and Mission Secretary Golden W. Harris have been holding conferences at Port Elizabeth, Bloemfontein, Kimberly, and Johannesburg. President Sessions will remain for two weeks in Johannesburg to organize the work, and find suitable quarters for the elders, and a larger hall.

Forty-two attended the first conference meeting in spite of the fact that the Saints are scattered and the street-cars are tied up on account of the strike. Brother Brummer, who has been in charge of the branch for the past four years, has been very successful in keeping the Saints united.

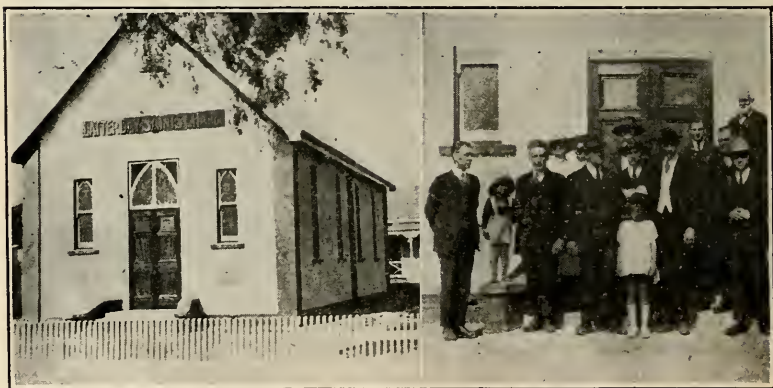
Temporary headquarters have been at the home of Brother L. G. Muir. Brother Muir has two fine sons from whom much is expected. After meeting him, Elders Howard and Harris have felt more eager than ever to begin Mutual work.



Elders, left to right: Gordon H. Sears, Clare Okerlund, Horace J. Nelson, Kenneth C. Bailey, Ozias H. Harward, and Clarence W. Jones. Since the taking of the picture Elders Harwood and Nelson have left for Johannesburg where Elder Nelson will be president of the Transvaal conference.

New Meeting House in Thames, N. Z.

These two pictures, represent, in a very incomplete way, the excellent work which has been performed by the elders who have been laboring at Thames, New Zealand. About the 1st of October, 1921, work was commenced on the actual construction of the chapel, under the direction of the conference president, Elder Ben Brown. The elders worked faithfully and energetically to erect this chapel, and their efforts have been well rewarded, as can be seen by the picture. The building, of reinforced concrete, stands as a forerunner of that type of church construction in Thames. It is 24 x 47 feet. The interior gives the same beautifully simple impression, as does the exterior, and is the envy and admiration of the town-folk. The opening and dedicatory services were well attended by the Saints and friends. President Taylor gave an inspired dedicatory prayer on Sunday afternoon, February 12, immediately after the completion of



the work. The group picture shows the elders who participated in the work, together with President and Sister Taylor and some of the visiting elders and sisters. The foundation stone reads as follows:

This stone was laid by Geo. S. Taylor, Feb. 13, 1922, and the building erected by the following elders: Ben Brown, J. A.

Thornton, W. J. Wanner, E. R. Nelson, A. T. Maughan, E. A. Ottley, G. A. Jorgensen, Thos. Carless.

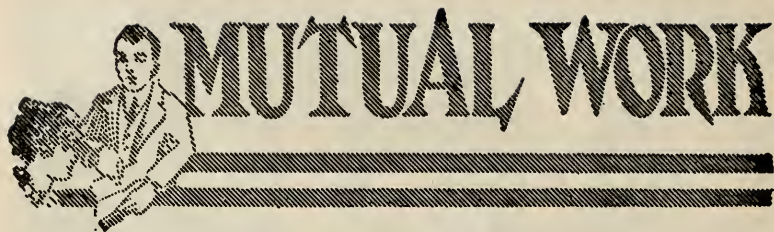
We send best wishes from the "Home of the Maori," for continued success in putting out an ever better *Era* to help us in the promulgation of the gospel.—*Graham H. Doxey*, Mission Secretary.

Opposition Causing Many to Investigate

Elder Arthur Erickson of the Northern Indiana conference, writing from Peru, March 16, says: "We held conference in Peru on the 4th and 5th of March, at which all the missionaries bore strong testimonies of the divinity of the gospel, at a priesthood meeting held on the 4th. Reports from the different fields show progress in the work. We held three public sessions with a large attendance at each, at which President Winslow Farr Smith was the principal speaker. Some time ago Mrs. Lulu Loveland Shepherd delivered a series of lectures on 'Mormonism' in Indiana. She disproved her own statements, because she did not tell the same story twice alike. Her efforts are causing many to investigate and learn for themselves what 'Mormonism' really is. President Charles C. Haight has been honorably released, and Elder Arthur Erickson has been chosen to succeed him. We have missionaries in Muncie, Marion, Kokomo, Logansport, and South Bench, and we regret that we haven't more laborers for other places.



Names of missionaries of Northern Indiana conference, back row, left to right: Smith A. Kunz, Bern, Idaho; Carl S. Anderson, Pleasant Grove, Utah; Hardison R. Bryner, Raymond, Canada; J. Elgie Payne, Glenwood, Utah; Horace Hale, Blackfoot, Idaho; Elam Olsen, Safford Arizona; James Shaw, Liberty, Utah; Harry Stevens, local member of Muncie, Indiana; Glen M. Hortin, Oakley, Utah. Middle row: Marquis A. McCarty, local elder of Anderson, Indiana; August E. Rasmussen, Burley, Idaho; Arthur Erickson, incoming conference president, Union, Utah; Winslow Farr Smith, president of Northern States mission; Charles A. Haight, retiring conference president, Oakley, Idaho; Randall Olson, Lovell, Wyoming; August E. Schmidt, local elder of Peru, Indiana. Front row: Claudius N. Peterson, Fielding, Utah; Le Grande Mangelson, Levan, Utah; William T. Watts, Ogden, Utah."



Activities for May and June

1. Annual reports. The statistical year in Y. M. M. I. A. work closed March 31. Ward reports to stake secretaries should have been in by April 10. The stake reports to the General Secretary, Moroni Snow, should be in to our general office no later than May 10. Now is the time for ward and stake secretaries to make a general check on their year's work, so that they will be prepared to report promptly.

The efficiency reports will continue until June 1.

2. Finishing up on general fund and *Improvement Era*. The details of this work should be completed and sent in with the annual report. All funds which have been collected by wards and turned in to stake secretaries should be forwarded to the general office at once, and not held by stake officers. When the collection of the annual fund is left until the end of the statistical year, it always becomes a burden and discouragement to the officers. Let us make a thorough check at once.

3. Summer work. Special outlines have been published and are being distributed to stakes and wards. The great importance of keeping our young people engaged in wholesome activities under proper leadership during the summer months should be of paramount interest to every Y. M. M. I. A. leader.

4. Fathers and Sons' Outings. A special bulletin has been published on this important item, to be distributed to stakes and wards. Instructions also were published in the April number of the *Improvement Era*. Now is the time to build up your organization for this outing. Set your dates at once and report to the general office. Five or six stakes have already finished their preliminary preparations. Let us hear from you.

5. June Conference. The greatest convention and conference in the history of M. I. A. work will be held this year on June 9, 10, and 11. Committees of the General Board are at work preparing an interesting and instructive program. Your big job is to insure proper representation. One or more members of your stake superintendency, a stake leader in Junior work, a stake leader in Senior work, and a young man representing the Seniors should be among the representatives from each stake.

Kindly bring these items to the attention of your stake and ward officers at your next monthly meeting.

Life

(Sources of Joy and Factors of Happiness, Designed to aid in the June Sunday Evening Joint Program.)

By B. S. Young

Life is at once the most commonplace, wonderfully complex, as well as the most inexplicable thing in all the universe. It abounds with joy or is burdened with misery; it supplies fruits that feed and fill us with their lusciousness; or it scourges us with weeds and thorns which sting and smother, proclaiming in the sorrows they inflict the curse they carry. Life is opportunity, used or neglected; and pressing urgently for recognition and action is the everpresent now. Now with its thousand invisible fingers

pointing at and demanding of the individual, "What will you do?" You are the universe. Life proclaims its presence and is insistent in its demand to be used. Everything is before *you*, what do *you* want, reach out your hand and pluck the plenty that beseeches use. Is it knowledge? The great book of nature opens wide for your perusal and study. Would you have power? "Knowledge is power." The man who knows is the man who is sought. We appeal to military knowledge for protection against invasion; would we irrigate deserts transforming barrenness into fruitfulness? The call goes to men who know the tremendous pressure of vast areas of water and the construction of mighty dams. Would we harness that mysterious force which rends the heavens and crashes aloud its swift and potent power? We seek men whose genius has wrested destruction from the clouds and made it the willing and wondrous servant of man. Would you possess faith? The shining stairway of prayer opens wide before you, and climbing rung by rung you may attain to heights, which will reveal to you the littleness of earth, teaching the great lesson that the earth is the footstool of Him whom we worship, and that the place of earth is underneath our feet. Life offers us all this and more, much more; as understanding expands into ever-growing comprehension of God-given opportunity."*

Mortality

We awoke in the earth as we see it about us—wonderful, glowing with beauty, teeming with interest, inviting us to ephemeral pleasures which intoxicate and leave us stranded, hopeless derelicts. We may also experience a joy which grows in its fulness, making us masters of every situation because we have mastered ourselves. This life and its sources of joy and factors of happiness are innumerable. We are faced as we were before with the condition as to which leadership we shall follow. We see before us two roads, there are tugging at our consciousness two powers; temptation flatters our beauty or lauds our strength, but when we have pierced its wondrously-woven mask, we are amazed by its flimsiness and aghast at the horrors it has concealed. Another road stretches before us more open, if less inviting. It conceals none of the obstacles to be surmounted, its very ruggedness appeals to our love of battle and conquest. Barrenness stretches to the horizon all about us. The pioneer with inspired vision sees, rising before him, fertile fields and populous cities; other, weaker ones, come, look, and fade into the obscurity of the tide of humanity which chokes and festers in congested centers; but to him who fares forth to conquer, who desires to accomplish, everywhere awaiting him is work; work that means the saving of humanity and his own exaltation to such heights of attainment as may never come to men who have grovelled wholly in the mire of worldly contamination.

Mortality and its purposes never contemplated the prostitution of man's God-given powers, to be used only for money-changing and dealing in offal, such soul-destroying pursuits must be driven from the men's hearts and no longer profane the temples of God, the souls of his children. Who would welter in the sordid atmosphere of greed, when he might soar amid the ideals Christ so wondrously portrays, those realms to be reached by development. The purpose of mortality is *development*, the acquiring of capacity, that we may realize, as the Creator intends we should, the illimitable power that is ours potentially. The mission of the gospel is the preparation of its votaries to become even as he who created all things, that we may be a part of and add to the great glory which is his, and which is as boundless as eternity, because we, like our fathers, are Eternal.*

*Read selections from third Canto Whitney's *Elias*, "*Elect of Elohim*."

The Premortal or Spirit State

What may have been our sources of joy and what composed the factors of our happiness in the pre-mortal state, or what, indeed, were our activities, are subjects which are more or less uncertain; but that we had activities, there can be no doubt, and that those activities were vital to life must stand as an undeniable fact. The great dominating idea that has come to us out of the meagerness of our information is that we possessed individuality and its right of exercise, agency. So far as we are informed, here began the right of selection, "*What do I want?*" We possessed intelligence, its exercise meant consequences, we knew the law; would we abide it? Divine wisdom had selected a leader, obedience pointed our plain duty, a world had been organized, a tabernacle or body of its elements meant a development of power impossible without mortality. Who knows but that we saw in mortality its sorrows as well as its possibilities, and we essayed to follow a leadership which sought exaltation that would transcend all things, because it necessitated a descent below all things; and they who followed that leadership found mortality—or that phase of life which is now? What of those who rebelled, and how far were they the victims of that imperious personality which we know as Satan? What spoke the guileful tongue, honeyed words of persuasion, malicious ridicule, or the lash of invective? What fears inspired he, or to what emotions did he appeal? We do know that the rebellion in heaven accomplished the detention, if he did not compass the destruction of an innumerable host. Each chose for himself, he could resist or yield to baneful influences. Could momentary advantage warp the judgment or sway decision? The answer must rest in the chronicles of our great past. We only know results, and those imperfectly, but out of it all comes the dominance of the idea that we are the arbiters of our own fate, and whether we be transported with joy, or burdened with penalty, rests wholly with ourselves.*

Doing Things in Juab

As to the annual fund for 1922-23, it is sent in. Before the summer is over we expect each ward will have its money set aside to take care of that requirement, at the first meeting of next year's season.

Our special activity for the month of March was a community pride program. We always plan our Special Activities from 30 to 60 days ahead. The stake board visited all the wards during the preceeding five weeks and urged that each ward lay special emphasis upon the community pride program for the month of March. We requested that they do some monumental work in the way of clearing up, papering, and painting the meetinghouses, and in improving and beautifying the church premises, and as a result the following was accomplished:

The Mona ward house was plastered, kalsomined and painted, a much needed improvement.

The Nephi North ward put a new ceiling in its church, and kalsomined, papered and painted its assembly hall, amusement hall, and six class rooms, at a cost of about \$500, all of which was brought about by the community pride program of the Mutual Improvement Association.

The Nephi ward re-papered, painted and kalsomined its tabernacle, at a cost of about \$350. The Mutual Improvement Officers have direct supervision of this work, but all of the other organizations are assisting in paying for the same, as, of course, is being done in the other wards.

*Read Longfellow's *Psalm of Life* or other selections depicting life in its best moral aspects; also Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem, "Solitude."

In the Nephi South ward, they were beautifying their church grounds and building cement walks and fences. Their church building was recently erected and is in good condition.

The Levan ward was having what is known as a gravel day and the walks, leading to and from and around the new church building were being built and the interior of the church cleaned. New carpets in the aisle took the place of the old ones. The Levan mutual is also beautifying the grounds around the church.

You ask the question as to how we do this. Our answer is: "A Plan, a Leader, a little work and the job is done."

We have 170 scouts in the Juab stake of Zion. The slogan adopted by our Mutual is: "Every scout shall be in scout uniform before July 1." We have selected a committee from our business men to put this job over in connection with the mutual officers and the work will be done. We are now planning for our Fathers and Sons' outing, and we intend to make it the biggest thing of its kind ever pulled off. We have a committee appointed to organize a band among the Boy Scouts and the Bee-Hive Girls. And this movement is going to succeed because we have a plan, a leader, and a little work; the job will be done.—*Thos. H. Burton*, Superintendent.

Senior Boys' Convention

A Senior Boys' convention was held in the Ogden stake on Sunday, March 26, at 2:30 p. m., in the Fourth ward meetinghouse. This is perhaps the first Senior boys' conference held. It was well-attended from all parts of the stake, and the following program was carried out:

1. Announcment of visitors.
2. Community singing (ten minutes)
.....B. Cecil Gates, member of M. I. A. General Board
3. PrayerSenior boy
4. Roll call of wards.
5. Welcome remarks (two minutes).
6. Talk "Our Senior Class Organization" (six minutes)
.....Ollie Ririe, member of Fourth Ward
7. ChorusOgden Thirteenth ward
8. Talk "Aims of a Senior Boy" (six minutes)
.....Chester Engstrom, Huntsville Senior Class
9. RemarksOur visitors, Levi Edzar Young, Oscar A. Kirkham
10. "Our Plans for the Summer" (three minutes).....Supt. Ernest R. McKay
11. Community singing.
12. PrayerSenior boy

The "Aims of a Senior Boy" by Chester Engstrom, was a characteristic talk, pointing out the benefits that a boy might derive from a class organization in the Y. M. M. I. A. where opportunity is given for each one to have a chance to act in some capacity. Officers might be elected every three months or oftener, committees appointed to work on finance, socials, programs, etc.; parliamentary rules studied and observed, and all obtain a chance to develop executive ability. He advocated a college education for boys wherever possible, also a mission in the world, and a careful selection of a vocation. As an illustration of how boys might help themselves, he related this incident: "One time a small boy bought a flock of bantam chickens. He tended them very carefully, and in time, was rewarded with a goodly number of eggs daily; but when he went to dispose of them, the merchant did not give him the regular price, because the eggs were so small. This worried the boy. Soon after, his mother saw him go into the house, take something, and go out to the coop. Curiosity over-

came her, and she went out to see what the boy had done; and, hanging from the ceiling was an ostrich egg, and on it was printed: "Keep your eye on this, and do the best you can." He said that the application of this little story is, Pick an ideal, and if you can't measure up to it, do the best you can. In helping oneself, he advocated that one should not become self-centered, but rather aim to help others, and pointed out a number of ways in which this might be done. Closing he said, "The Lord put us here for a purpose. He gave us a shell full of gray matter, most of us a strong body. Let us use these faculties to benefit ourselves and others. If we do this, nothing can block our progress, and we shall try to fit ourselves to be leaders of tomorrow."

California Conventions

A series of combined M. I. A. and Sunday School conventions have just been completed covering the northern half of the California mission. These were held at Gridley, Sparks, and San Francisco, respectively. The Fresno convention was postponed two weeks on account of the flu.

Remarkable success has attended the conventions both in respect to attendance and the work accomplished. A department meeting and a general session was devoted to each of the organizations in addition to a teacher training session for both. In the main the convention program for the Church stakes was followed with additional attention to problems peculiar to the mission.

The aim of the teacher-training class was to impress the importance of teacher-training work to the Church and the need of vitalizing the gospel truths. Special warning was given in regard to the "mysteries" and philosophical truths. "Get back to first principles," characterized the spirit of the occasion. In the general sessions splendid programs were given. The messages of the Sunday School session included the "Enlistment problem," "The responsibility of the home in religious training," while Superintendent Larson discussed "The teacher's opportunity."

The M. I. A. general session included an address on the 1922 slogan by President G. Marion Gates, of the San Francisco mutual, Elder Larson reviewed the aims of the M. I. A. and their relation to the slogan. "The highest type of citizenship," he said "is to live the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Splendid work is being done by the mission mutuals. The special activities are manifesting themselves in many unique and delightful channels. A number of plays have been given, and others nearly ready for presentation. Debates, musicals, athletic events, scout features, and socials of all kinds, are reported, showing the M. I. A. spirit at it's height.—The M. I. A. fund has doubled that of last year.—*Gustive O. Larson*, Superintendent Mission, M. I. A.

"Craters of the Moon," Idaho

The *Arco Advertiser* of March 17, in an editorial mentions the famous wonderful natural curiosity in the shape of extinct craters west of Arco, which has been named, "The Craters of the Moon in Idaho." The region has heretofore been known as "The Valley of the Moon." Besides a number of recent pictures that have been taken in the neighborhood, it is stated that the *Geographical Magazine* has been furnished with an article on the famous wonderland, richly illustrated. It is expected that many tourists will visit the region during this summer; and what especially interests the readers of the *Improvement Era* is that several outings to the wonderland are already being planned by various organizations. Among them the Fathers and Sons' Outings of the Lost River and Blackfoot stakes are announced to take place here June 22-24 of this year. A number of



A Formation near the "Craters of the Moon"

the Church authorities of those stakes and others are interested in this pilgrimage, and it is estimated by the *Arco Advertiser* that upwards of 400 people will take part in this outing, and spend several days in the region of "The Craters of the Moon in Idaho."

Y. M. M. I. A. EFFICIENCY REPORT, MARCH, 1922

STAKES	Membership	Class	Special Activities Pr-gm	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	Stake & Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings or Teach.-Tr. Class	TOTAL
Bear River	10	10	5	4	5	8	9	10	10	5	76
Beaver	9	10	9	5	8	7	7	10	6	10	81
Benson	10	6	9	9	9	10	9	9	8	7	86
Box Elder.....	10	8	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	9	95
Cache	8	6	10	7	10	10	8	9	9	9	86
Carbon	5	3	1	5	1	5	9	8	5	42
Cottonwood	10	6	10	9	9	8	9	8	9	8	86
Deseret	10	5	6	4	6	10	7	9	5	5	67
Ensign	7	6	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	5	87
Garfield	7	5	3	3	3	3	3	3	30
Hyrum	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	6	94
Juab	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Kanab	10	10	10	8	10	10	8	10	9	85
Logan	10	7	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	8	94
Millard	10	5	7	7	8	9	7	10	4	4	71
Morgan	10	5	6	3	6	10	8	10	9	3	70
Nebo	9	6	10	8	10	6	5	9	8	5	76
North Sanpete.....	4	5	10	7	10	8	5	8	7	4	68
North Sevier.....	5	4	5	1	5	5	1	5	5	1	37
North Weber.....	8	8	4	5	7	8	8	9	10	8	75
Ogden	9	7	10	9	10	9	9	10	10	10	93
Panguitch	6	3	6	1	5	6	3	4	34
Roosevelt	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	98
St. George.....	10	10	4	4	5	5	5	5	3	51
Salt Lake.....	9	6	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	8	91
San Juan.....	10	10	8	5	7	6	4	10	10	8	78
Sevier	10	8	10	8	10	9	8	9	8	9	89
South Davis.....	10	4	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	6	88

M. I. A. EFFICIENCY REPORT (Continued)

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Pr gm	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	Stake & Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings or Teach.-Tr. Class	TOTAL
South Sanpete.....	8	4	7	4	10	7	5	7	4	6	62
South Sevier.....	10	10	9	10	8	9	6	10	5	2	79
Summit	10	8	4	5	10	5	8	10	5	65
Tintic	10	8	10	8	9	6	6	10	7	7	81
Bear Lake.....	10	6	6	2	10	10	9	9	6	4	72
Bingham	10	8	6	4	10	6	6	10	5	5	70
Blackfoot	10	9	10	7	10	10	10	10	10	5	91
Blaine	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	10	5	10	70
Boise	10	6	3	5	6	7	5	10	10	5	67
Cassia	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	10	10	7	91
Curlew	10	5	8	5	5	8	10	10	5	5	71
Franklin	10	5	10	10	10	10	7	10	10	6	88
Fremont	10	8	8	10	8	10	10	10	10	7	91
Idaho	10	6	6	3	7	5	6	7	5	3	58
Lost River.....	10	10	10	5	10	10	8	10	10	7	90
Malad	9	10	5	5	4	7	6	6	4	4	60
Montpelier	10	4	8	6	5	8	9	8	6	4	68
Pocatello	10	8	9	7	7	9	9	10	7	6	82
Portneuf	10	10	10	5	8	10	7	10	10	5	85
Raft River.....	10	5	2	4	10	9	7	2	3	52
Rigby	7	5	5	3	3	5	9	5	6	2	50
Shelley	10	8	10	6	10	10	10	10	8	8	90
Teton	10	8	10	2	7	9	7	8	5	6	72
Yellowstone	10	10	6	5	8	8	9	10	8	6	80
Maricopa	10	8	10	7	10	10	7	10	10	9	91
St. Joseph.....	10	8	10	7	10	8	6	10	7	8	84
Big Horn.....	10	9	10	9	10	9	8	9	10	10	94
Star Valley.....	10	6	4	2	6	7	6	6	6	3	56
San Luis.....	10	10	10	5	9	9	5	9	10	3	80
Young	10	10	6	10	7	7	2	4	56
Alberta	10	8	7	3	6	7	5	9	5	5	65
Taylor	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	99
Union (Ore.).....	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	5	10	83
Juarez (Mex.).....	10	10	5	5	10	5	10	10	10	10	85

Y. M. M. I. A. STATISTICAL REPORT, MARCH, 1922

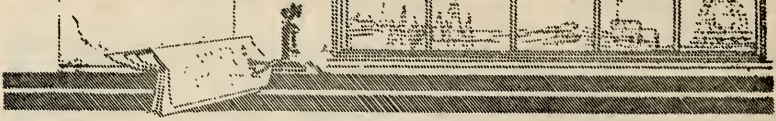
STAKES	Should be Enrolled	Number Wards	Number Wards Reporting	Advanced Senior Enroll.	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	TOTAL	Advanced Senior Average Attendance	Senior Average Attendance	Junior Average Attendance	TOTAL
Bear River.....	509	13	13	326	132	171	629	307	129	163	599
Beaver	287	7	6	112	95	72	279	74	69	53	196
Benson	760	13	13	250	344	333	927	157	154	206	517
Box Elder.....	770	13	13	360	231	310	901	237	164	198	599
Cache	528	8	6	145	77	229	451	67	70	138	275
Carbon	360	9	9	114	79	120	313	69	33	31	133
Cottonwood ..	749	12	12	268	286	330	884	113	139	227	479
Deseret	398	10	9	213	106	136	455	77	75	80	232
Ensign	919	7	7	141	190	295	626	74	95	188	357
Garfield	271	8	2	139	59	198	60	44	104
Hyrum	500	10	10	189	151	204	544	122	167	138	427

M. I. A. STATISTICAL REPORT (Continued)

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	Number Wards	Number Wards Reporting	Advanced Senior Enroll.	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	TOTAL	Advanced Senior Average Attendance	Senior Average Attendance	Junior Average Attendance	TOTAL
Juab	352	5	5	152	100	120	372	100	75	110	285
Kanab	210	7	7	124	63	86	273	77	43	64	184
Logan	610	11	10	213	220	276	709	77	100	175	352
Millard	338	6	6	111	142	102	355	38	77	72	187
Morgan	200	9	8	121	120	102	343	46	74	44	164
Nebo	912	14	14	248	241	320	809	157	154	184	495
North Sanpete	802	13	9	114	148	135	397	60	58	105	223
North Sevier..	272	6	3	81	78	56	215	50	31	36	117
North Weber..	626	16	14	107	221	194	522	61	119	108	288
Ogden	682	11	11	221	186	215	622	175	150	180	505
Panguitch	283	6	4
Roosevelt	325	10	10	121	114	151	386	63	72	85	220
St. George.....	634	15	9	152	201	174	527	74	101	130	305
Salt Lake.....	1026	12	12	285	253	379	917	143	155	236	534
San Juan.....	250	4	4	79	87	101	267	54	59	57	170
Sevier	360	6	6	118	171	164	453	67	108	93	268
South Sevier..	300	8	4	85	66	51	202	53	45	39	137
South Davis.....	476	9	9	149	179	250	578	58	73	126	257
South Sanpete	752	10	10	147	278	201	626	60	138	72	270
Summit	210	12	8	20	167	140	327	16	73	54	143
Tintic	221	5	5	48	64	88	200	18	38	56	112
Bear Lake.....	384	11	11	159	185	207	551	55	67	66	188
Bingham	564	13	7	198	123	178	499	98	77	110	285
Blackfoot	474	9	8	137	118	134	389	128	72	90	290
Blaine	460	13	6
Boise	280	8	7	62	145	100	307	40	72	55	167
Cassia	181	6	6	108	64	77	249	60	47	47	154
Curlew	147	10	6	55	99	64	218	25	55	30	110
Franklin	437	10	10	207	212	182	601	62	132	89	283
Fremont	656	13	13	267	189	309	765	139	104	154	397
Idaho	218	12	8	110	55	68	233	71	31	42	144
Lost River.....	153	8	5	75	87	58	220	52	55	46	153
Malad	398	11	8	81	166	114	361	54	100	86	240
Montpelier	392	11	11	157	189	155	501	51	66	80	197
Pocatello	389	10	10	167	115	179	461	72	73	112	257
Portneuf	300	12	12	33	184	115	332	17	119	88	224
Raft River.....	160	9	5	139	66	74	279	40	24	32	96
Rigby	576	6	11	174	101	167	442	81	58	71	210
Shelley	349	8	8	173	118	127	418	93	65	65	223
Teton	306	8	6	64	108	44	216	36	50	21	107
Yellowstone ..	338	8	8	138	107	109	354	84	68	65	217
Maricopa	368	8	8	199	125	147	471	106	72	71	249
St. Joseph.....	500	15	13	94	230	218	542	55	160	190	405
Big Horn	289	5	5	118	132	86	336	74	74	61	209
Star Valley.....	334	11	8	109	122	126	357	111	52	61	224
San Luis.....	219	4	3	91	71	61	223	68	28	37	133
Young	99	5	4	46	47	38	131	24	37	32	93
Alberta	345	11	11	205	203	153	561	121	120	110	351
Taylor	325	5	5	170	167	124	461	89	99	103	291
Union (Ore.)..	148	5	5	103	29	41	173	66	20	40	126
Juarez (Mex.)	135	5	4	51	50	57	158	25	35	45	105

Not reported, 24 stakes. Is yours among them?

PASSING EVENTS



Ogden's population, according to R. L. Polk & Co., was reported on March 19 to be 39,350.

A Live-stock exhibition—the fifth annual intermountain—opened at North Salt Lake, April 3. The weather was ideal.

Lucius P. Judd died suddenly, March 20, of heart-failure. For eighteen years he has been clerk of the Salt Lake City board of education.

Tse-ne-Gat, a Piute Indian, who in 1912 precipitated an Indian uprising was reported dead, April 8, in Allen canyon, near Bluff, of tuberculosis.

Ex-emperor of Austria-Hungary Charles I, died at Funchal, Madeira, April 7, of pneumonia. The widowed queen is said to be about to become a mother.

The naval agreement of the international arms conference was ratified by the U. S. Senate, March 29, against one vote, that of Senator France, Rep., Maryland.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, famous English author and believer in spiritism, arrived in New York, April 9. His intention is to make a "raid" on American skepticism.

German ambassador to the United States was appointed March 21. Dr. Otto Ludwig Wiedfeldt will take the place of Count von Bernsdorff, who left Washington in 1917.

Valera launched a new Irish organization, March 15, to be called the Cumann Na Poblachta, or Republican Association. He asked for financial support for it, as well as moral.

Pioneer Stake celebrated the 18th anniversary of its organization, May 24, with a largely attended social party in Deseret Gymnasium. There were about 3,000 persons present.

Copper mining was resumed April 1, in the Utah, Ray, Chino and Nevada Consolidated mines. Production will gradually increase to fifty per cent of capacity, it was stated.

A nation-wide strike in the coal industry of the United States began April 1. The strike leaders expect that 500,000 union and 100,000 non-union men will lay down their tools.

An anti-Ku-klux Klan organization was formed at Healdton, Okla., March 15, under the name of "Knights of the Visible Empire," John Hyde, one of the organizers, is a local attorney.

The bonus bill was passed, March 23, by the U. S. House of Representatives. It went to the Senate from the House. The bill appropriates four billion dollars for the benefit of the ex-soldiers.

The "Siamese Twins" died in Chicago, March 29. Josefa's death occurred first and a few seconds later Rosa passed away. Rosa leaves an eleven-year old son. Her husband, a German, fell in the war, 1917.

The Pacific Four-power pact was approved by the Senate, March 24,

by a vote of 67 to 27. Twelve Democrats voted for it and four Republicans against. The vote showed just three more than the necessary two-thirds.

The death of Howard O. Young, a son of Elder Brigham Young, Jr., at Visalia, Cal., was reported March 20. He moved to the coast about a year ago, owing to poor health. He was 62 years old at the time of his death.

Wm. Henry Korns, Salt Lake City, died at his home, March 29. He was a member of the first city commission, when Salt Lake adopted the commission form of government in 1912. He was born in Peoria, Ill., April 7, 1862.

The Grant family genealogical association was organized April 8, with Jedediah M. Grant as president; B. F. Grant vice-president, and Dr. Joseph F. Grant, Jr., secretary. President Heber J. Grant was one of the speakers at the meeting.

Aaron Y. Ross died, April 3, at his residence in Ogden, at the age of 93 years. He was a veteran messenger of the Wells Fargo & Co. Express. At Montello, Nev., Jan 23, 1883, he saved \$80,000 in gold bullion in a fight with five bandits.

General Erick Von Falkenhayn died April 8, at Wild Park, near Potsdam. He was war minister in Germany in 1913, and chief of the general staff at the outbreak of the war, in which position he was succeeded by the famous von Hindenburg, in 1916.

C. S. Varian died at his home in Salt Lake City, March 25, at the age of 76 years, as a result of an attack of acute bronchitis. He was at one time an active politician and lawyer, and took a prominent part in the anti-"Mormon" crusade thirty or forty years ago.

Egypt was declared to be a free state, independent and sovereign, by a government rescript issued March 16, at Cairo. This ends the British protectorate which was established in 1914. The sultan, Ahmed Fuad, becomes king of Egypt, on the throne of the ancient pharaohs.

The bodies of 1060 soldiers arrived in New York from France, March 29, in the transport Cambrai. This makes 45,000 bodies in all that have been returned to be laid to rest in the soil of the country for which they died. There are about one hundred more awaiting shipment.

Funeral services for John Cooper, Fillmore, were held March 17. He was born in Loughborough, England, May 27, 1834. He came to Salt Lake in 1857, having spent the winter 1856-7 at Devil's Gate, with others, as guard over goods cached there by emigrants. He filled many positions of trust in the Church and filled two missions in his native land.

Mrs. Mahala Garn Smoot, died at her home, Salt Lake City, April 3. She was born Feb. 3, 1839, in Sandusky County, Ohio, and came to Utah in Milo Andrus' company Oct. 12, 1855. After the death of her first husband, she was married to the late Wm. C. A. Smoot, a pioneer of 1847.

The United States' demand for reimbursement for expenses in connection with the occupation of the Rhineland was presented to the allied finance ministers, March 10. The sum wanted is \$241,000,000. The ministers decided that the case was one to be settled through diplomatic channels.

A tunnel under the Hudson, to connect New York and New Jersey and to cost about \$28,000,000 was begun March 31, when Chief Engineer Clifford M. Holland drove his pick into the earth at Canal and West streets, New York. The tunnel will be 9,250 feet long and is to be completed in 1925.

Mexican river guards killed an American soldier, Corporal W. W. Whyte, according to a report from El Paso, Tex., April 5. It is said he tried to cross the river on horseback when shot. Corporal Whyte was a Salt Lake boy. He leaves a widow and a six-months old son in this city. He was only 22 years old.

Two men were instantly killed March 24 in the school building, corner of Main St., and First East, Mt. Pleasant, San Pete Co., through coming in contact with a heavy voltage current when turning on the lights in the basement. They were, Principal Elmer Johansen, 38 years old, and the janitor, Kruste Torkelsen, 60 years old.

David Blackhurst, 81 years of age, a Utah pioneer of 1847, died at his home in Salt Lake City, April 1. When 7 years of age, he left his home in Preston, England, and came to Utah. The trip across the plains was made by ox team, in the company of John Taylor. Mr. Blackhurst was a high priest in the Granite stake of the Church. He is survived by four sons, fifteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Miss Alice L. Reynolds was honored on her birthday, April 1, when more than 600 women assembled in College Hall, Provo, to congratulate her. Mrs. J. William Knight, in behalf of the women of Utah, presented her with a gold wrist watch, and Miss Helen Candland a basket of roses from the university girls. Women's clubs throughout the state donated more than 500 volumes of books to the Alice Reynolds library. Miss Reynolds is professor of English in the B. Y. University.

A new town.—The board of commissioners of Boxelder county at its regular meeting, March 20, granted a petition for the incorporation of Portage as a town. The petition was presented by C. W. Hall and Arthur Gibbs, and was signed by a majority of the resident tax payers of the community. The board appointed the following officers to serve until the next election: William H. Gibbs, president; C. W. Hall, Thomas P. John, R. C. Harris and John F. Conley, Jr., trustees.

Bishop Thomas H. Blackburn of the Second ward of Brigham city died March 18, at his home, from a paralytic stroke which he suffered early in the morning. He was born in Branstone, Staffordshire, England, June 8, 1856, and came to America as a boy 12 years of age and located in Nephi. In 1874 he moved to Brigham City. He has been one of the leading citizens of that city during all the years of his residence there. Funeral services were held in the Tabernacle, Brigham City, March 22.

Mexican bandits blind a colonist, Lucian Mecham, at Conlonia Juarez, Mexico, according to a report published March 29. Mrs. Mecham and her sister, Miss Mary Hardy, were at home with Mr. Mecham, who is an invalid, when two bandits entered and demanded money. He tried to draw a revolver. A fight ensued during which he was beaten almost to death and blinded. The bandits were, later, arrested but the judge set them free for lack of sufficient evidence of their guilt.

Senator Reed Smoot was confirmed, by the Senate, April 11, as a member of the allied debt refunding commission, created by congress for the purpose of converting into longtime securities the debts of the allies to the United States. The indebtedness amounts to eleven billion dollars. At a recent conference of allied finance ministers at Paris, a plan was suggested to cancel all the inter-allied war indebtedness and credit the money so canceled to the German reparation account. That plan has found but little support in the United States.

Austria's chief is for prohibition. In a message to the American people he declares that the Eighteenth Amendment to the American con-

stitution is one of "the greatest and most far-reaching pieces of legislation ever enacted by any nation of the civilized world." The author of the message is Dr. D. M. Hainish, president of the Austrian republic, and the message was addressed to Dr. Clarence T. Wilson, secretary of the board of temperance, prohibition, and public morals, of the Methodist church, and was presented to the board April 2.

Mrs. Johanna M. Nixon, for fifty years prominent in Church work in St. George, passed away at Provo, March 13. She was born in Denmark, April 1, 1844, and joined the Church in 1855. The same year she started for America with her parents and her brother and three sisters. The father died and was buried at sea. The mother, brother and one sister died in Iowa, of cholera. Johanna and her sister joined an ox team company and crossed the plains. After she was married, she settled in St. George, with her husband, and remained there till Aug., 1921.

Eating microbes instead of taking them into the body by means of inoculation, secures immunity from disease, according to a statement made March 14 by Prof. Roux, director of the Pasteur Institute, Paris. Subjects, after remaining for eighteen hours without food, are given a "breakfast" of six billion dead microbes of the particular disease from which immunity is desired. Two further microbe meals, the first six hours and the second two days later, complete the immunity treatment. According to Professor Roux, experiments showed that two of three men thus treated proved immune when inoculated with fever germs.

Funeral services over the remains of Joseph A. Rees were held at Spanish Fork, Utah Co., March 24. Mr. Rees was one of the pioneer teachers of that city, and one of the schools is named in his honor. Educators from all over Utah paid tribute at the funeral, which was held in the city pavilion. Bishop George W. LeBaron of Santaquin conducted the services. The speakers were, Dr. George H. Brimhall of Provo, Heber C. Jex, former Senator William N. Williams and J. Lewis of Salt Lake, Supervisor L. John Nuttall of the Nebo school district, Dr. Joseph Hughes and Mrs. Edna Brockbank, the latter representing the women pupils who were trained by Mr. Rees.

Thomas Robinson Cutler died suddenly at a hospital in Long Beach, Cal., April 3, of heart failure. He was born in Sheffield, England, June 2, 1844. He was the son of John and Elizabeth Robinson Cutler. He came to Salt Lake in October, 1864, and has made his residence here since that time. Mr. Cutler's activities were centered almost entirely upon commercial and financial enterprises, but his success in the sugar industry made him for many years its leader in the west. During his lifetime Mr. Cutler was a director of the Utah State National bank, the Bank of Garland, the Bank of Monroe, the Consolidated Wagon and Machine company, the Continental Life Insurance company, vice-president of the Intermountain Life Insurance company and a director of McCornick & Co., Bankers.

Mrs. Mary Evelyn Tuddenham Needham, 48 years of age, wife of A. B. Needham, assistant manager of Z. C. M. I. dry goods department, and daughter of Bishop and Mrs. William J. Tuddenham of the Twenty-first ward, died at a hospital in Salt Lake March 18. Mrs. Needham has been a worker in the Church practically all her life. For years she was president of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement association of the Twenty-first ward. She was released from that position to fill a mission to the central states from 1906 to 1908. She became the wife of A. B. Needham September 14, 1910, and later became president of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Ensign ward, which she held for a number of years.

Divorce proceedings are made harder by a decision of the appellate

division of the supreme court which, it is said, will prevent New Yorkers, wishing to rid themselves of matrimonial ties, going to Reno, Nev., and other places to obtain legal relief. The decision makes permanent an injunction granted by Supreme Justice Donnelley last July restraining Archibald B. Gwathmey, a New York broker, from prosecuting an action started in Florida to obtain a divorce from Isabella C. Gwathmey. The appellate decision, rendered by unanimous vote, holds the Gwathmey's change of residence was a fraud upon his wife's matrimonial rights, as they were married in New York and had their legal residence there.

Farming land north of the lake. A field investigation of survey conditions at the northern extremity of the Great Salt Lake has been in progress, according to the land service bulletin, issued by the United States general land office, copies of which were received in Salt Lake March 28. The preliminary examination shows that there are approximately 20,000 acres of unsurveyed land between the old meander line of the Great Salt Lake and the present shore line in fractional township 8 north, ranges 2, 3 and 4 west. The examination further shows that since the construction of the Ogden-Lucin cutoff across the lake the waters to the north of there, into which the Bear river flows, have become fresh. These unsurveyed lands can be made suitable for agricultural purposes.

Dr. George Thomas was formally inaugurated as president of the University of Utah, April 5. His inaugural address which will appear in the *Era* later, traced the influences and forces that led to the development of the past and present systems of education, and problems that naturally arose. He then sought to apply the lessons to be drawn to the solution of present day problems. About 700 guests were seated at the luncheon after the ceremonies. Among the speakers were three former presidents of the university, Dr. James E. Talmage, Dr. Joseph T. Kingsbury and Dr. John A. Widtsoe. President Franklin S. Harris of the Brigham Young university, President Walter Ernest Clark of the University of Nevada, President Charles A. Lory of Colorado Agricultural college and President R. M. Kelley of Regis college, Denver, also gave brief and interesting talks. Thomas Nixon Carver, of Harvard, gave the leading address.

The international economic conference at Genoa, Italy, opened April 10, with 34 countries represented by 706 delegates. This is the largest international congress of nations ever held, and it is the first occasion after the world war on which representatives of nations, so recently enemies, meet in friendly debate. Among the countries represented outside of Europe were South Africa, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand. China, Turkey, and the United States were absent, but Russia, Austria, and Bulgaria were represented. The recently created governments of Esthonia, Letvia, Lithuania, and Ireland were well represented. The smallest country in the conference is San Marino, a republic in the Italian mountains, about six miles by four in size, and with about 11,000 inhabitants. It had 16 delegates at the conference. Great Britain and her colonies had 308 delegates out of a total of 706.

Transmutation of metals has been accomplished, according to an announcement in a paper read March 11, at a meeting of the middle western sections of the American Chemical society at Northwestern university. Tungsten, has been definitely and permanently changed into another element, helium, through treatment in temperatures of below 50,000 and 60,000 degrees, it was declared in a report on experiments conducted by Dr. Gerald L. Wendt and C. E. Irion, working at the University of Chicago. "It means that the alchemists, who tried to turn the baser metals into gold were right on one point—that the nature of metals could be changed," said Dr. Paul N. Leech of the Chicago section of the chemical society, in commenting upon the paper.

Secretary of Commerce Herbert C. Hoover arrived in Salt Lake March 26. As chairman of the Colorado River Interstate Compact commission he attended the meetings of that body in which Utah's interests in the river problem were set forth. Utah's position on the question before the Commission was stated by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, March 28, thus:

"The proposed treaty should recognize as fundamental considerations:

"1. That for the purpose of best development the Colorado basin is an economic unit.

"2. That no other use should precede the use of water for irrigation, including flood control and domestic needs.

"3. That there is ample water in the Colorado river for all economically irrigable lands.

"4. That beneficial use, merging into economical use, alone should constitute water rights on the river.

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